Vol. CXXXII. No. 1720.

Fit "TripleX" -and be safe ALVIS do

[THE BYSTANDER, DECEMBER 2, 1936.

The BYSTANDER

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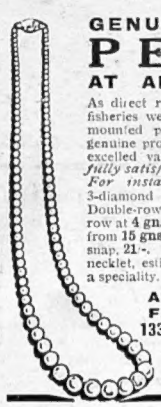

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The Bystander, December 2, 1936 No. 1720. Vol. CXXXII.

The Bystander

Houston Rogers

Yvonne Printemps — Heroine of "O Mistress Mine"

Her attractive voice returns to the London stage to-morrow night for the first time since 1934 (*Conversation Piece*) when the curtain goes up on Ben Travers' rush-about comedy. It takes you from "a country near Alsace-Lorraine (not Ruritania)," to Mayfair, Sussex, and Paris. The music, some of which Mlle. Printemps will sing, is by Vivian Ellis and Cole Porter; the hero of the gallant plot is Pierre Fresnay, Yvonne Printemps' husband (her first husband was Sacha Guitry); he was with her in that charming film, *La Dame aux Camellias*. *O Mistress Mine*, William Mollison's first venture in management, is at the St. James's

Engaged

The Duke of Norfolk and the Hon. Lavinia Strutt

The twenty-eight-year-old Duke of Norfolk must carry, after the King, about the biggest hereditary burden in England—as premier duke, owner of Arundel Castle, Norfolk House in St. James's Square, Beech Hill, Sheffield, and 50,000 acres besides, and as Earl Marshal with all the Coronation arrangements as his responsibility. The Hon. Lavinia Strutt, his Duchess-to-be, is twenty this year, the only daughter of Lord Belper by his first wife, now the Countess of Rosebery. The big picture above was taken at the party they gave to celebrate their engagement last week, Miss Strutt wearing a ruby-red dress to match her ring. The snapshot on the right was taken at one of the point-to-points in which she rode last spring before she broke her collar-bone at the Grafton meeting. She and the Duke have all the amusement-interests in common—hunting, racing, shooting—that belong to English country life

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

MR. EDEN'S statement in the House about General Franco's naval policy is surely very remarkable. The General is not to be accorded belligerent rights, and therefore we do not admit that he has the right to stop our ships and search them for contraband. If he does, he automatically becomes technically a pirate. That seems to be the position. In order to prevent British ships, therefore, from being treated piratically, they are to be accorded the full protection of the British Navy. But only outside the Spanish three-mile limit. This seems to be incredible. When is a piratical act not a piratical act? When it is committed inshore. General Franco's ships have only to lie sufficiently near to Barcelona harbour—if they like to risk the shore batteries—and then they can play Old Harry with British shipping, secure in the knowledge that the Navy will not follow them in.

THE second important announcement in Mr. Eden's speech was that legislation would be introduced at once to prohibit the carrying of any sort of arms to Spain in any British ship. This is the clearest possible intimation to the world that if any other Power likes to denounce the Non-Intervention Pact, we will do nothing about it but will continue non-intervening.

THE return of Mr. David Low, the greatest of all our living cartoonists, has been signalised in no uncertain fashion. Coming back from a longish holiday in North and South America, Mr. Low has taken off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and dived into the arena with a whoop. His first cartoon upon the Spanish War was deadly in its vitriolic skill.

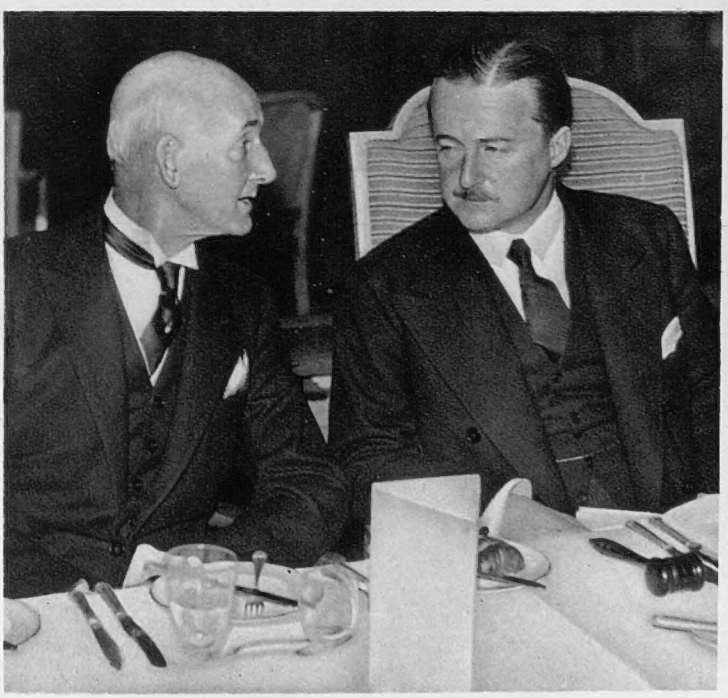
THE German engineer Stickling has been reprieved by the Russian Government and his death sentence for sabotage has been commuted to penal servitude for ten years. Let us hope that by this act a nasty international crisis has been averted. A comic touch is added to the situation by the fact that Stickling was a Communist and fled from the Nazis who, if they have not actually moved heaven and earth for his release, have at least made the welkin ring, to the Communists in Russia who wanted to shoot him.

WHEN it was proposed to build a brand-new up-to-date steel works at Jarrow, the scheme was virtually killed by the existing steel-makers, especially by those on Tees-side, who were confident that they could supply the needs of the country without a new modern competitor coming in. Now it is announced that the country has been compelled to import nearly a million tons of steel in a year in order to cope with the rearmament rush. Poor Jarrow. No wonder it feels that it has had a raw deal, not once, but many times.

THE Minister of War, speaking at Marylebone, is reported to have said that if there is another war, there need be no fear of having to go through Passchendaele again, or to sit in the mud of Flanders. This may be a rhetorical statement meaning that the next war will be mainly fought in the air, in which case it is the ordinary opinion of everyone. But if it is a Ministerial statement of policy, then it becomes very important indeed. For it means nothing less than that, in the event of another German invasion of Belgium, we will not send a land force to the rescue. Can this really be Mr. Duff Cooper's meaning?

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL is going stronger than ever. His speech to the New Commonwealth Society in favour of a strong League of Nations based upon the international control of military aviation, made a strong impression upon an audience of exceptional distinction, and there is a large demand for tickets for his great Albert Hall meeting on December 3rd, when he is to speak in defence of Freedom and Peace. Once again I say, with all due deference to an able lawyer, will Inskip never out-skip?

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S sixth and last volume of his War Memoirs is out, and the veteran's fire and dash have not abated. His onslaught upon the generals, and upon Haig, in particular, is, if anything, more vehement and more deadly. In his new attacks upon Haig he even seems to reflect upon his personal courage in that he very seldom went up to the front to examine the terrain that he was about to attack. And Mr. Lloyd George is on very sure ground when he points out that of all those tens of thousands of civilians of



"At the Government's Expense"

Sir George Broadbridge sat next Mr. Duff Cooper at the luncheon the latter gave at the Trocadero to London business men in connection with recruiting. One bait he offered was the blue uniform which he hoped would be supplied to all soldiers for the Coronation "at the Government's expense"

To a Noble Impulse, £750,000

When the Oxford University Congregation had thanked Lord Nuffield for his £1,250,000 gift to the medical research school but intimated that lack of funds would still hold things up the motor magnate announced in the best don-nish manner that he would make the gift two millions. Lord Halifax, Chancellor of the University, is with him

the highest possible capacities, not a single one, except in the Dominion forces, was allowed to rise beyond the petty rank of Brigadier-General. And so far I remember that there were not more than fifty even of those.

SOME wonderful old titles have appeared before the Privy Council's Court of Claims. Now that there is no longer a State banquet at the Coronation, the Lardiners, Panneters, Butlers, and the rest of the traditional banqueteers have dropped into oblivion. But the Glove for the King's right hand remains, and the Crystal Mace, and the Great Spurs, and the Canopy. It is sad that the King's Champion has died out, but enough is left to prove that, when it comes to Ceremonial, republics are pretty poor things.

THE Government has held Preston in the by-election with figures that show once again that there is no swing of the electoral pendulum towards Labour in England. (Scotland is in a rather different category, as the Greenock result shows.) At Preston the Conservative vote was down by about 5000, a normal drop from a peak year; the Labour vote was down 1300, which is poor showing in a Lancashire industrial seat for a party which claims that it can win a clear majority at the next election.

LABOUR, of course, is suffering from the dismal mediocrity of its leaders. The only one who possesses outstanding ability, Sir Stafford Cripps, is always making such sensational statements that he is a great deal more of a liability than an asset. His latest one is reported to be to the effect that a British defeat in a capitalist war by Germany would not be at all a bad thing for the British working-classes. The National Executive of the Labour Party has categorically repudiated this odd view, but it does not help at by-elections.

WHATEVER your politics may be, you will have to admit that few elections have had a trio of candidates of such distinction as the by-election at Oxford University. The official Conservative choice is Sir Farquhar Buzzard, Regius Professor of Medicine of the University, on whom will fall much of the work connected with Lord Nuffield's munificence. The independent candidate is Professor Lindemann, who has for some time been concentrating upon the study of scientific defence against air-attack, while the third, non-party but more or less acceptable to the "Left," is Sir Arthur Salter, the economic expert.

KARL VON OSSIETZKY, the German pacifist to whom I referred on this page last week, has been awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for 1935, and the Nazi authorities are furious. It certainly is a rather marked gesture on the part of the Norwegians. The Nazis hated Ossietzky and clapped him into jail, and only released him to go into hospital with tuberculosis. The Norwegians have said, in effect: "What the German Government regards as a crime is the finest action of last year." It is bold, but is it wise?

THE death of Osbert Burdett, through a fall in the Hyde Park Corner tube-station, removes at an untimely age—he was only fifty-one—one of the few eighteenth-century figures of our day. He was a genuine Man of Letters, fastidious, elegant, critical, erudite. He wrote delightfully about the Art of Living, or about books, or about cheese, or about philosophy, or any one of a hundred subjects. And he was one of the wittiest and most eager conversationalists I have ever listened to.

THERE was widespread publicity for the Swindon magistrates not so long ago over their alleged harsh treatment of motorists. An even more remarkable tale is being told about Warwickshire, not in the form of attacks on the methods of local benches, which may or may not be refuted, but in the form of hard, cold statistics, compiled by the Automobile Association. In Leicestershire, for one year, there were not quite 2000 prosecutions for technical offences; in Warwickshire, with 25 per cent. fewer people per constable, there were no fewer than 12,000 prosecutions for technical offences. In Leicestershire there were 11 offences per constable; in Derbyshire 20 per constable; in Warwickshire 41. Are the folk of Warwickshire so very wicked? Or are their cops a trifle over-zealous?

MR. OLIVER STANLEY, President of the Board of Education, is going to abolish home-work at week-ends for all children under the jurisdiction of the Board. This is a step in the right direction, the goal of which is (as a matter isn't, but ought to be) the abolition of all homework until the last of our overcrowded slums have been abolished. The poor little beasts have a bad enough time as it is, imbibing foul air at home and compulsory education at school, without having to combine the two of an evening.

THE M.C.C. showing in Australia gets worse and worse; and only the old hands are able to put up a fight at all so far. Hammond, of course, has shown superlative form, and Leyland saved the side against Don Bradman's Australian XI. with a characteristically Yorkshire display of dourness, and Allen has been successful. But the newcomers, Worthington, Fagg, Fishlock, and Hardstaff, have been very poor. At the present moment it looks as if the Test Matches are going to be painfully reminiscent of the series of disasters in 1920.

FRED PERRY has now signed a contract to appear in a series of lawn-tennis film shorts. "My wife always said she would never marry an actor," he said, "never counting upon this." Well, maybe she will turn out to be right still.

Through Mr. Dobson's Eyes

Mr. Frank Dobson opened an exhibition of his terra-cotta sculpture at the Brygos Gallery, Bond Street, last week. Here he is placing one of his exhibits — brilliant perhaps, but not beautiful

Captain Hook and Peter Pan

Charles Laughton tried on his hook, smoked a three-cigar pipe, and then he and Elsa Lanchester read through their parts, at a preliminary rehearsal of "Peter Pan" at the Palladium last week. Laughton as Hook and Elsa Lanchester as Peter Pan are both new to the Barry Christmas annual; it 's Laughton's first stage appearance since 1933

De Lawd, Moses and Aaron in "Green Pastures"

After five months' deliberation, the censor has passed the film version of Marc Connelly's fable: the action has re-aroused appreciation from those who see in the play an earnest interpretation of the negro conception of Heaven, and abuse from those who think it improper for an impersonated God to smoke 10-cent cigars and preside at celestial fish-fries. The author and William Keighley co-directed the film, whose settings are rural Lousiana and whose music is negro spirituals sung by the Hall Johnson Choir. Rex Ingram acts De Lawd God in the guise of a paternal coloured clergyman; Moses and Aaron are played by Frank Wilson and David Berthea. The rest of the numerous cast, all negroes, represent most of the important Old Testament characters, moving through their naïve Heaven. *Green Pastures* is at the New Gallery

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

HAVE you ever watched or thought much about the life of a waiter? A friend of ours once pretended to be one for an evening, and got himself taken on at a famous restaurant in Piccadilly to find out the back-stage life of it all. The various grades are all important: the white apron class is the "commis"; next, white tie and black waistcoat, who generally has four tables under his jurisdiction; next, black tie and black waistcoat (head waiter); until the glory of a Manetta or a Ferraro are reached.

It must be a hard school. If an unfortunate beginner drops so much as a napkin, the muffled curses of his superior condemning him to eternal damnation reach even our sympathetic ears.

Mania for a Plateau!

IN hotels and service flats, the floor waiter has a passion for "the tray." It seems to mean life itself to him.

No sooner has your coffee and rolls been deposited beside your bed, than an anxious figure hovers near your door waiting to snatch his beloved tray back again. Are they short of trays, or do they get beaten if they mislay one? Is there a roll-call of trays at all hours of the day and night?

Abroad it is even worse. He pronounces it differently, but le garçon has just the same mania for his "plateau." If you want to be undisturbed after the smallest meal, you must either plant the tray in the corridor, or ring for the gentleman and return to him what is obviously his most cherished possession in the world.

It Means a Great Deal

To those on the uppermost rungs of the ladder, like Sartori, it is all very much worth while. His new venture, the Coq d'Or, is enjoying a "succès fou."

Among the regular patrons is the Baroness d'Erlanger, the Titian-haired mother of "Pop," and the ultra-chic Princess "Baba" Faucinge-Lucinge.

Miss Peggy Johnston was dining there one night last week in a lovely mink coat and fur-edged halo to match; she is off, we hear, to America in the very near future. Mrs. Beryl Mills, very smart in a black dress and a new method of hairdressing, was in a big party in the centre of the room.

This is Thanksgiving

WE took a charming Austrian friend of ours to lunch at Prunier's on Thanksgiving Day (Thursday last, November 26th). After a satisfying meal of turkey, cranberry sauce and sweet potatoes, he bowed and said "I understand this Thanksgiving. It is for a much too good luncheon."

The restaurant, which was packed as always, might be described as the "house of all nations," so many languages does one hear, so many types does one see, so many cosmopolitan acquaintances will assuredly appear from time to time.

Four Brunette Beauties

WE saw four of the loveliest brunettes in London, out on a party together the other evening. Lady Marguerite Strickland, who has abandoned her Hepburn fringe, had tied her hair up with two little bows of ribbon, dark plum colour to match her dress and her very exotic lipstick.

Mrs. Essex Drury, in a black satin dress and short ermine coat, Miss Hilary Charles, slimmer than ever, in dark-green sequins and a blue fox cape, and her newly-married sister Pat, Mrs. Owen Roberts to you, in the loveliest coat you ever saw, made of not two or three, but a dozen silver foxes.

She and her husband are vegetating down at Hamble, where he is "cramming" for some final flying distinction, and they only come up for an occasional night out, which is really so much more fun than trailing around somewhere night after night from force of habit.

On this particular evening we found them dining at Quaglino's, supping at the Café de Paris, heard they went to *The White Angel* between whiles, and guessed they would turn up at the "Four Hundred" for breakfast — and they did!

Cheap at the Price

WHILE reading this on Tuesday, December 2nd, don't forget the gala performance this very night of the film *Land Without Music*, starring Richard Tauber, who will make that all-important "personal appearance" and sing, at the Plaza Theatre, at 9 p.m.

The cast includes Diana Napier, Schnozzle Durante, and June Clyde. It is in aid of All Saints' Hospital, Austral Street, and tickets from five shillings upwards seem cheap at the price.

Seen Through the Fog

SEEN through the foggy atmosphere of a late November afternoon: Lady Warwick, in a black coat trimmed with curly grey fur, emerging from her Brook Street coiffeur, her dark hair still pinned up in no way disturbing her beauty.

She is living in the country; says she is bored with London parties. We hope it 's only a mood, for she is sadly missed, her infectious high spirits and real sense of humour being rare enough.

Mrs. "Flash" Kellet, critically surveying a small hat in the hand in a Davies Street shop. If she approves, its success is assured, for her dress sense is impeccable, and her friends are always influenced by her choice.

Edinburgh First-Nighters

Mr. and Mrs. David Baird and Mrs. Ronnie Thomson went to the first night of "The Boy David" at the King's Theatre, Edinburgh. Mrs. Thomson's husband owns Kaimes, in Peeblesshire: Mr. Baird is General Baird of Kello's son

The McCready — Nash Wedding

Mr. John Robert McCready and Miss Philippa Nash, only child of the late Major-General Sir Philip Nash and Lady Nash, of Thurloe Lodge, S.W.7, were married at Chelsea Old Church. Mr. McCready is the elder son of the Rev. David and Mrs. McCready, of Old Catton Vicarage, Norwich

Playing at Soldiers

Of these two military gentlemen, the front one with the medal and the sword held back to front is Roy Weir, the four-year-old elder son of the Hon. Morton Weir, and a grandson of Lord Weir. The musketeer marching behind is Peter Van den Bergh

Cooking for the Quads

The Monkey Club (where young socialites continue their education) made itself responsible for cakes and frocks for the St. Neots "quads'" first birthday last Saturday. The four cake-stirrers are Miss Rosemary Masefield, the Poet Laureate's niece, Miss Elizabeth Brodrick, Miss Bunty Soames, and Miss Jean McTaggart Stewart

Outside the Ritz, Mrs. "Foxy" Gwynne, receiving an ecstatic welcome on her return from America. Virginia Cherrill returned in the same boat, having managed to visit New York, San Francisco, Santa Barbara, and Palm Springs in the space of a few weeks. The young Michael Portmans are back, too.

Lure of Good Hunting

MR. RUPERT BELLVILLE, who failed to keep his appointment to act as best man to Mr. Loel Guinness last Tuesday, never ceases to cause his friends anxiety. He is keeping an appointment in Madrid at any moment, but is at present, we are glad to hear, safely in Biarritz, and under the strict supervision of the authorities, who cannot be expected to understand his enthusiasm to join in a war that is really none of his business.

Possibly the lure of some good hunting may entice this intrepid warrior home, but until things settle down in his beloved Spain, London and Leicestershire won't see much of the blond bullfighter who loves danger.

You can be Filmed

LADY MILFORD HAVEN sends us a notice of the Russian Cabaret Ball at the Dorchester on December 17th in aid of the Russian Red Cross Society.

The Grand Duke Dimitri is president; Lady Zia Wernher and Lady Juliet Duff are jointly assisting Lady Milford Haven as deputy chairmen.

Do you like vodka, caviare, and the fascinating Russian atmosphere and a pearl necklace and a dress as a possible prize? You will be filmed, too, by Gaumont British, as a guest during the evening, and think what that may lead to! Tickets (inclusive of champagne) are two guineas, and obtainable from Lady Milford Haven, 20, Bruton Street, W.1.

MISS PEEPS

Mr. Loel and Lady Isabel Guinness

Mr. Loel Guinness, M.P., Mr. Benjamin Guinness's son, and Lady Isabel Manners, the Duke and Duchess of Rutland's younger daughter, were married at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate, with a reception at Mr. Benjamin Guinness's house in Carlton House Terrace. After that they started off for their honeymoon in America by the Queen Mary boat-train. Loel Guinness has been M.P. for Bath since 1931

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Kindersley

Were married last Thursday at Caxton Hall register office. He is Sir Robert and Lady Kindersley's youngest son; she is Major the Hon. Gerald French's younger daughter. Her first husband was Lord Brougham and Vaux

They Did It for Charity

She Organised Hoop-la

Lady Katherine Howard helped to run bootlegger's hoop-la at the Red Cross Ball. She is the second of the Duke of Norfolk's three sisters

She Had Her Fortune Told

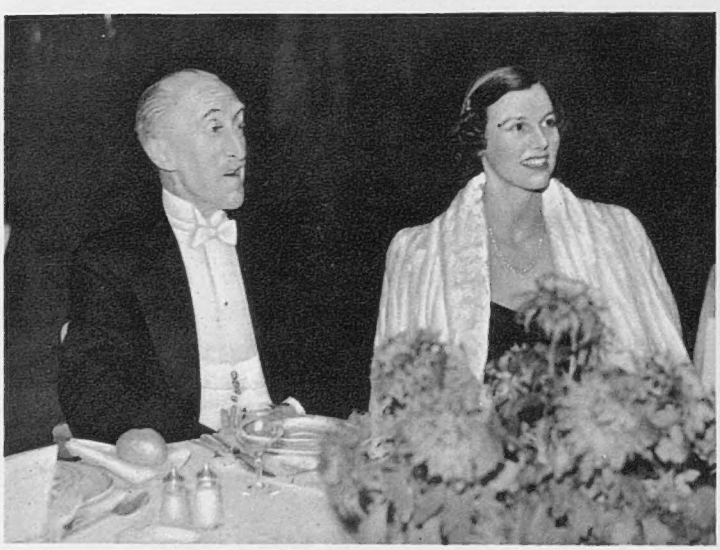
Lady Shrewsbury crossed the gypsy's palm with silver and also was chairman of the "Old Budapest" Bazaar and Ball held in aid of the Girls of the Realm Guild

He Dressed Up, She Decorated

Lord Sempill wore Hungarian dress, Miss Anna Zinkeisen decorated the "darts parlour" at the Old Budapest Ball at Claridge's

Left: Sir Michael Duff-Assheton-Smith and Mrs. Ralph Cobbold were two of the supporters of the dinner at the May Fair in aid of the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital, at which a round-the-table collection made £4,307

They Ate a Good Dinner



The Cabaret at the Red Cross Ball Was Their Preoccupation

Lord Willingdon and Mrs. Dermot Daly watched the Red Cross Ball Cabaret from one angle. Lady Willingdon, one of the patronesses, took a big party to Grosvenor House, which included her son and daughter-in-law, Lord and Lady Ratendone

The Hon. Elspeth Hope-Morley and her father, Lord Hollenden watched from another angle. A third view was taken from the Grosvenor House gallery for which five-shilling tickets were sold—a new idea for charity balls which proved a great success

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"I WOULD democratise the Army from top to bottom," said Lord Strabolgi in the recent House of Lords' debate on rearmament. The idea has occurred before, and been put into practice with good results. Cromwell's New Model infantry privates were the scum of the earth, but his cavalry privates were to a large extent middle-class men who furnished their own arms and horses (and were paid about £200 a year each by modern reckoning); and it was the cavalry that won Cromwell's victories. If this isn't quite "democracy" in the Strabolgi sense, Cromwell's officers being of the upper class, the French Revolutionary and Imperial armies certainly illustrate it. Most of Napoleon's Marshals rose from the ranks. Many of the Revolutionary generals, like Jourdain, were small tradesmen pitchforked into command.

The odd thing about the officer-caste in eighteenth-century England, if you 're attending, is that although a deep gulf divided it from the common soldier, it was often pretty democratic in its way. Issuing from a rout, you beat my Lady Fribble's handsome young footman with your cane for insolence. Six months later the handsome young footman—my Lady Fribble having tired of his charms and bought him a Line commission—was himself beating people with his cane and swaggering about in his fine red coat like billy-ho; and any common soldier who murmured was liable to be flogged to death.

When we were in the Mounties the whitest pal we ever knew was sunburnt, laughing old Jim ("A. G.") Macdonell, who joined us one day in '88, rose from horse-cleaner to Chief Commissioner in one week, and left by the next train for Ottawa, being appointed Governor-General a month later. ("Big Chief Mud-in-Your-Eye," the Indians called him.) Six months later he rejoined the dear old Corps, passed in one week down the ranks from Chief Commissioner to horse-cleaner, and left by the next boat for England, where he is now Perpetual Grand Woodpecker of the Sylvan Pixies and a J.P. for Surrey, with a warm hand-grip and a merry word for one and all.

Is this true democracy or isn't it?

Give 'Em Hell Dept.

"SPECTATORITIS," brought on by commercialised amusements, says Captain Marshall, a physical education organiser, is sapping the life-blood of the nation. But what are you to do, Captain, in a world which provides such a lot of things to stare at? A generation ago the rubberneck population had relatively nothing to look at except cricket, football, workmen digging up the roads, horses falling, and men having cardiac seizures in the Strand. Now there are a thousand and one things to goggle at, and what time is left for keeping fit?

At a circus last year we saw about five thousand people staring dully at a muscular gentleman in spangles lifting weights and bending bars of iron and juggling with cannon-balls and what not. It struck us then that exactly the reverse should be the normal condition in a healthy nation. All round the arena, tier upon tier, the audience should be lifting or bending iron bars and juggling with cannon-balls, and down in the ring the spangly gentleman should be sitting looking at them, eating a sandwich, carelessly twirling his moustache, and eventually strolling out for a quiet drink. The same thing struck us at an Oxford-Cambridge Rugby match some years ago. The wind was Arctic, the hairy heroes ground each other's faces desperately into the icy mud, and all round them sat masses of plump pink bodies, all muffled up and padded and swathed, a most disgusting sight. When time was blown, we thought the whole lot, except ourselves, should have been turfed into the field and given the works by Sergeant-Major Potts, that bulgy-chested, white-sweatered, icy-eyed, brass-voiced, ruthless Bashi-bazouk in flannel bags from the Physical Training Dept. who made us wish in the winter of 1914 we had never been born.

That 's what we 'd like, so long as we weren't actually in it.

"No, Miss Carter isn't at home just now, Sir"

Antic Hay

DRESSED as the Unknown Warrior, in muddy uniform and tin hat, lit only by one electrolier, a London clergyman appeared in his church the other Sunday and pleaded for peace. On the same day, just outside the Metropolitan area, at Kingston-on-Thames, another clergyman was holding a "football service" from a pulpit

"*Mr. Disney, I presoom?*"

festooned with footballs and hung with goal-posts, the jerseys of local clubs being draped tastefully over the pews. This sort of exciting exhibition may pack 'em in once or twice, but what happens when the novelty 's over? Even a troupe of dancing girls in long white robes under pink and mauve spotlights performing classical dances in the chancel (the idea some time ago of a New York clergyman) didn't go very big after the fourth or fifth Sunday night performance.

We still fancy there 's a lot more to be exploited in the sporting line, nevertheless. For example, a big chute from the top of the pulpit ends in a large tank full of water standing in the aisle. The clergyman runs in wearing a swimming-suit, slides briskly down the chute, heaves out a ball, and *voila!*—the Waterpolo Service has begun. Next Sunday he rushes in wearing boxing gloves and shorts, taps the nearest churchwarden on the nose, challenges the astonished congregation to a few exhibition rounds, and thus opens a Boxing Service. Next Sunday he appears in the pulpit firing a couple of pistols and opening a Rifle Range Service, and the Sunday after, subtly varying the bill, curtains are drawn away swiftly from the pulpit revealing him sitting motionless over a chessboard. There are plenty of permutations and combinations of the Kingston-on-Thames idea, and providing they could be kept up indefinitely there 'd be little reason for all that wailing in the Establishment about empty churches.

The ideal solution—they 've probably discussed it in America already—would be to make Shirley Temple a clergywoman and book her for a big Anglo-American preaching tour. Boy!

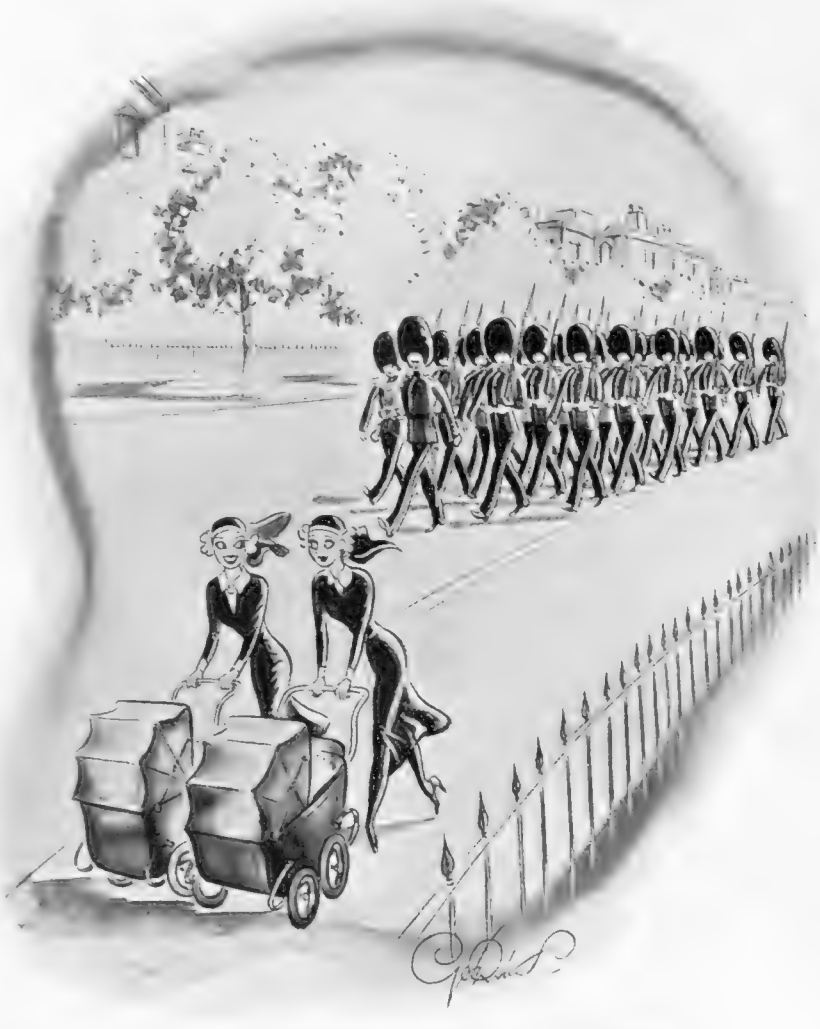
Beauty Spot

CLOVELLY, where Mrs. Hamlyn, *grande dame* and absolute ruler of the village, died the other day, is one of those wilfully picturesque spots, like Sorrento, which make you wish Nature had never been elected to the R.A. But honest humanity takes its periodical revenge on Clovelly. You come along the sea-road from lonely Hartland Point on a summer afternoon, still stunned with the overwhelming spectacle of great Atlantic seas thundering on the rocks below that high, noble headland—there is, or was, a very good pub. there, too, facing the ocean—and you come round a turning to feast your eyes on little Clovelly at the bottom of its hill, a haven of tranquillity, all roses and thatch and cobbles. Looking closer, you see Clovelly black with a sweating, packed, struggling mob. Inshore you see two or three pleasure steamers black with other mobs, all fighting like ravening dogs to get into Clovelly and join the other hordes. "So true is it," Mr. Belloc has remarked of this spectacle, "that men desire beauty before all things, and that great beauty draws all men to it."

We remember once, halfway up a steep, narrow Cornish lane, meeting a most afflicting sight—a huge pleasure-tripping charabanc packed with blank, staring faces, like eggs. There they stayed, unable to move up or down, immobile and dumb. There they had stuck, and there they may be still, with the same blank expression, unless the choughs have picked their bones. We saluted them courteously in God's name, we remember, and nobody replied, save one fat red man, who swore at us in the accent of Lancashire. So we went pensively on, leaving the heirs of Shakespeare and Milton, Drake and Nelson, to their doom.

Dumb Friends' Corner

A *Times* correspondence about the Griffin may interest you, as bird-lovers all. The Griffin looks (or looked) like an eagle in front and a lion behind; purplish in colour, with red fiery eyes and whitish wings. It nested in the high hills and would attack and kill elephants and horses, such was its ferocity. We



"*Don't look, but I think we're being followed*"

"Hey—you'll have my shoe off in a minute!"

are able to add to this information a little more, drawn from an old manuscript in our possession. Namely:

The only way of taking the Griffin alive was to tie a dear little blonde actress to a stake just in front of its nest and make her roll her eyes and make West End faces. For some time the Griffin would only glare. Then it would rise slowly, flapping its wings. At this point the little actress would pout deliciously and flicker her eyelashes and the Griffin, with a strangled honk, would suddenly fall over sideways, hitting its head against a block of lead placed there for that purpose. The hunters would then dash up and remove the stunned but still breathing bird into captivity.

Sometimes the Griffin devoured the little actress before she had finished doing her stuff. This made everybody furious, because the bird then flew away, as wild as dammit. Once a very dumb but tough little actress devoured the Griffin instead. "I thought that was the idea!" she said, opening big innocent eyes. "You sweet little witch," said the Chairman of Griffin Concessions, Ltd., his voice broken with emotion. "You sweet, sweet, *sweet* little witch."

Our Friends the Stars

It is impossible to look at the photographs of Queen Elizabeth's finely-engraved astrolabe, recently discovered and restored, without conjuring up some juicy scenes which must have been connected with it. The red-headed hag and her tame astrologer, Dr. John Dee, must often have hung over it together. It is a sort of large circular bronze plate with Elizabeth's arms, graduated, bearing the Signs of the Zodiac, the Mansions of Astrology, the days of the month, and other data. One can imagine the white whiskers of old red-eyed peering Dr. Dee brushing it as he points out this and that to the brassy fishwife by his side. "Jupiter and Saturn in conjunction in the Tenth or Bogey House, and dirty work all round," says the dear old man. "Refrain from falling off a tall house on the first Friday of next month, because it will hurt. Tuesday fortnight will be a good day for washing farthingales." Whereas what Elizabeth wanted to know, probably was which of her ministers was double-crossing her again with Spain, or was it that dirty old so-and-so Cecil once more? And we bet she said so in choice round oaths, and probably kicked the dear old charlatan in the trunk-hose to boot, with a hey and a ho.

Whether the necromancer boys of Fleet Street use the astrolabe we couldn't say. Some of them are said to be rather a nuisance in a newspaper office, divining the future from the vitals of freshly-killed fowls, or boiling an ass's head in aquafortis. The most reasonable amateur warlock we know is always present when the police arrange to raid some minor night-club, practising divination from the flight of birds, and slightly fried. In general the occult boys, who are all pretty serious and wrapped up, make a good thing out of their art, the stars being (as you may have perceived) obligingly vague and rarely letting them badly down.

Pipe Down Dept.

The B.B.C. is putting a stop to a practice, apparently growing among band and variety performers, of getting free publicity by slipping into their broadcasts references to the activities of their wives, children, motor-cars, dogs, and what not. We don't know if you've ever noticed this? We haven't ourselves. The infantile noises just drift past us unheard until somebody present says, "For God's sake switch off!" We then switch off, like James ("Boss") Agate—"our national rubbish" he calls it, the cursory old tease—until we can get something grown-up from Germany or Austria or Italy or somewhere, late at night.

"It is felt," says the *Evening News* radio reporter—

It is felt that performers should be content with the legitimate publicity which follows a successful broadcast.

They should, at that. The B.B.C. don't pay 'em much, but they certainly get a lot of publicity from the Fleet Street radio boys, whose sense of values is probably all right, once you get the idea. On the other hand, it's possible that the value of such publicity is over-rated. So is the value of most publicity, if it comes to that. We had a long, enjoyable talk once with one of the most eminent publicity magnates in London. Our suggestion, half playful, half serious, was that about 5 per cent. of his labours bore practical fruit. This he vehemently denied. His attitude wasn't very flattering to you, we must say. He seemed to think you an awful collection of cretins, created only for him to put things over on. Our own attitude rather puzzled him, as if he had been suddenly bitten by a sheep. Dear, oh dear, what people one meets!

Dementi

Lieut.-Col. Graham Seton Hutchinson, from whose none-too-enthusiastic criticisms of the Epstein achievement we quoted recently, tells us that some of his friends have now got the fixed impression that our appreciation implied that he was connected with the latest tarring of a couple of Epstein's works by anonymous art critics. Than which, of course, nothing was further from our mind, or from the facts, or from anything you like, and we're surprised that anybody could think so.

How difficult language is! How easily we humans can misunderstand one another! Do you remember the young man in one of G. K. Chesterton's stories whose Uncle (an admiral) disinherited him for Socialism because of a lecture he had once delivered against that economic theory? **D. B Wyndham Lewis**

"As I said to her, we're all human"

The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

Success for Miss Cummings

"Young Madame Conti" (Savoy)

IF you, dear reader, were to inform me that you had recently attended the first night of a strong play in which the leading lady gave a remarkable performance as a sympathetic courtesan who shot her lover with good cause in Act I.; if you were to describe to me how she was browbeaten by counsel for the prosecution in Act II., and how she burst into a long, emotional speech that sensationally brought down the curtain; and if, after expatiating on her subsequent acting in a condemned cell, you were to urge me to visit the show . . .

Well, a wan smile would probably invade my hollow cheek as I exclaimed: "Sympathetic courtesan! Shot lover! Browbeating counsel! Emotional outburst! My dear sir, I am a playgoer of experience: I have seen this drama in one form or another many times, and I can assure you that it is not good but bad." And neither wild horses nor sleek motor-cars would drag me there.

HERE, however, am I trying to make you take the advice I would not take if you gave it to me. *Young Madame Conti* at the Savoy is so much better than most other plays of the same kind that it might have set rather than followed a fashion. And the acting of Constance Cummings is so much better than that of most other actresses who seek to enlist our sympathy as courtesans that, even if the play had been written with less professional skill by Messrs. Bruno Franck, Hubert Griffith, and Benn Levy, there would still have been a case for it, as there was for *The Lyons Mail* and *The Passing of the Third-Floor Back*.

Miss Cummings is certainly an actress to watch. If she has one fault, it is, perhaps, that she makes you watch her a shade too closely. For this film technique may be responsible. Her silent shots err on the side of deliberation. But when she speaks, the emotion is spontaneous and authentic. In her scenes with the shabby lover who takes her money and makes fun of her behind her back—in her address to the court, with one heart-piercing cry—even in the condemned cell, where she is perilously required to roll on the ground like Romeo—she holds her audience completely.

It is a real tribute to an actress when critics find themselves asking: "What part will she play next? Can she really do better, or can't she really do quite so well?" I find myself asking these questions about Miss Cummings.

THERE is an inexcusable trick in the last act of *Young Madame Conti*, when the horrors we have been witnessing turn out to have been merely imagination—inexcusable, because, though it leads to a further dramatic development, it is a psychological impossibility. Among other absurdities, the courtesan imagines that she has not enough imagination to imagine what an execution is like until she imagines it being graphically described!

But my recommendation stands, including not only Constance Cummings, but Olga Edwardes (parlour-maid), Dorothy Dewhurst (wardress), William Dewhurst (judge), Raymond Huntley (counsel for defence), Guy Lefeuvre (counsel for prosecution), William Fox (judge's son), Bernard Lee (lover), and Phillip Leaver (scamp), all of whom thoroughly deserve their clipping from Romeike and Curtice.

He was her man, but he done her wrong: Stephen Harka and Regina Conti (Bernard Lee and Constance Cummings)

Otto Farenthold (Phillip Leaver) suavely refuses to be wax in the hands of counsel (Raymond Hartley)

Sketches by Rouson

President's son (William Fox) gate-crashes the court: president (William Dewhurst) disapproves

A Merry Xmas
DUNLOP STOCK
DUNLOP FORT "90"
C.F.H.

The Gamekeeper's Son : By Edward Seago

Looking Onto the Gulf of Lyons

Palamos lies on the Mediterranean coast north of Barcelona: these photographs were taken before that town became the centre of Communist activity and Fascist blockade threats, and so far the villa has escaped attentions from either side. Sert's permanent home is in Paris

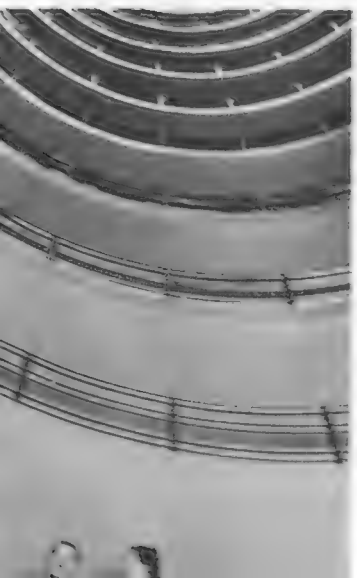
Artist on Celluloid, Artist on Bricks and Mortar

Decorations by Sert

The Famous Wall-Painter at Home to René Clair in Catalonia

José Maria Sert has decorated walls and ceilings all over the world. To name a few: the grand hall of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York; Vich Cathedral in Catalonia; the town hall in Barcelona; and one of the principal rooms in the Palace of the League of Nations at Geneva. The ball-room at Sir Philip Sassoon's Park Lane house, where the Duchess of York recently held a stall at the Royal School of Needlework Sale, is an example of one of Sert's many private commissions. His large circle of friends, drawn from diplomacy, politics, and art, he and his wife (who was Princess Mdivani) used to entertain at Palamos. Although he has not been back there since "the trouble" started, his villa is not his only hostage; already his murals in Vich Cathedral have been desecrated

Photographs by Batlles, Barcelona



Sestrières' Tower Hotel

A Feature of the Setting for This Year's Varsity Ski-Race

Press a button by your bed in Sestrières' Tower hotel and the door is locked: press it again and it's unlocked. This is the sort of thing you'd expect when a motor magnate builds a hotel—the Tower was put up by Senator Agnelli, chairman of Fiat. Now it's a feature of the high resort in the Italian Alps, the setting for the inter-Varsity ski races held in Christmas week. Oxford, by winning last year for the first time since '30, came level with Cambridge, so this year's race ought to be good. On the left is an interior view of the Tower

Sunday Afternoon : By Norman Parkinson

June Brae as the Rich Girl

"Nocturne"

Frederick Ashton's New Ballet to Delius's "Paris" Music

Frederick Ashton has made a charming and effective ballet of the theme which Edward Sackville West suggested to him as a visual accompaniment to Delius's symphonic nocturne "Paris." The brief rivalry of the Poor Girl and the Rich Girl for a Young Man's attention is played out among a band of casual incurious Revellers who gracefully weave the pattern of their dancing and grouping around the central characters. Six Maskers offer a mildly sardonic and decorative comment, while the choregrapher himself takes the part of an aloof but dramatically posed Spectator. The décor is of the simplest; the women's dresses are lovely—in each of them a clear, rich colour is contrasted with white—and the maskers' satins are lightly grotesque. Sophie Fedorovitch is responsible for these; both in this ballet and in Ashton's *Baiser de la Fée* last year she has served the choregrapher with unfailing inspiration

Photographs by Anthony

Robert Helpmann, as the Young Man, takes the chief male part in "Nocturne," dancing alternate pas de deux with the flamboyant Rich Girl and the humble, pathetic Poor Girl, and a supple, swooping solo which exhibits very well his fine sense of line and his romantic but perfectly finished style

Margot Fonteyn as the Poor Girl, Ashton as the Spectator

Although this is June Brae's first season as première danseuse at Sadler's Wells, she has been given a leading part in both the new ballets. In "Nocturne" she has made a definite success as the Rich Girl, dancing with grace and confidence, and conveying easily the light-hearted insolence of the character. But it is Margot Fonteyn who gives meaning and poignancy to the slight theme; her flower-girl is infinitely touching in her bewilderment and despair. And her dancing is exquisite

"Cutting a figure? Humph! I'm not so sure that it won't be worth two thousand pounds after all"

Aunt Caroline (Marda Vanne) tells Katie (Margaret Rawlings) that she'll foot the bill for O'Shea's entry into politics

"Faith, and it's a bomb I'd like to put under old Gladstone, with his shilly shally shenanigan; on again, off again, gone again, Finnegan"

The O'Gorman Mahon (E. J. Kennedy) speaks; Parnell, O'Shea (Glen Byam Shaw) and Katie listen

"Sit together, act

Montague Harrison (Laurier Irish Nationalist Party

A Great Love

Margaret Rawlings and

What a fine play this is, and how superbly acted . . . Sales of biographies of Parnell should bound up, as more and more people are reminded (if they ever knew) of the supremely dramatic story of the Irish Party, its brilliant leader and the beautiful gracious woman he loved. Not the least effective scenes in Elsie Schauffler's play are those in Committee Room 15 at the House of Commons. Home Rule may be as dead a subject as women's suffrage: in these scenes one has the feeling of being taken backstage, of seeing what really happens in the strange interplay of personalities, prejudices and principles that is called politics. The story of Charles Stewart Parnell and Katie O'Shea is wonder-

together, vote together"

Lister), Parnell's secretary, repeats the oath to Parnell (Wyndham Goldie)

"Yes, if there is any public washing of dirty linen, I shall be sorry to my dying day"

Katie repeats the words of Bridget Blair (Toska Bissing), but with her own emphasis. This was after she had made her great effort to prevent a divorce

Story

Wyndham Goldie in "Parnell"

fully told, both by the playwright and by Wyndham Goldie and Margaret Rawlings themselves; they are fine, intelligent and brave human beings who did what they had to do, and win our deep admiration and pity. Margaret Rawlings' voice is incomparably lovely in its range and musicality; whatever she said would sound significant, and in this play she has genuine and moving words to say. The rest of the cast is excellent: Marda Vanne, perfect as Aunt Caroline; Glen Byam Shaw, dashingly urattractive as O'Shea, have the most important parts after Parnell and Katie. The production is Norman Marshall's; he was responsible for the play's first English appearance at the Gate Theatre last spring

Right:

"I killed him"

"No; no more than all of us"

The last scene: Parnell comes home to Katie after the desertion of the Irish Party, collapses, and dies. On the left at the back is the faithful Thomas Murphy (J. A. O'Rourke); on the right is Michael Davitt (Harry Hutchison), one of the deserters

Photographs by John Everard

Howard Coster, London

Roger Quilter — Covent Garden's New Composer

Roger Quilter's light opera *Julia* is the second of the new productions in the British Music Drama Opera Company's repertoire. It is being given for the first time to-morrow evening and then every night for the last week of the Company's season at Covent Garden. Margaret Bannerman is making her operatic debut in the name-part, and Henry Wendon is the hero. It is Roger Quilter's first opera; he has written only a small amount of orchestral music, including the delightful music of the children's play, *Where the Rainbow Ends*. It is as a song-writer that he is so widely known; his work has a delicate illusive quality that no amount of the singing and mis-singing that is popularity's penalty can destroy. His settings of Shakespeare and Herrick lyrics are particularly lovely, and make a frequent appearance in recital programmes. Roger Quilter is a brother of Sir Cuthbert Quilter; he has a charming house in Montagu Street, where this working photograph was taken

Merry Christmas

The Best Gift of which I could think . . .!

The New Ford V-8 (£16 . 10s. Tax), the multi-cylinder luxury-car of outstanding dependability, economy and efficiency, beautiful in line, exemplary in performance, comfortably roomy very completely equipped, restful in town traffic, a thrill to handle on the open road, yet always thoroughly under control.

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Christmas 1936

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At the same time, to those to whom Christmas gifts are a problem, they venture to suggest that it would be difficult to find a more welcome and suitable present for a shooting friend than a supply of cartridges.

Moreover, from the donor's point of view there is a great deal to be said for a present which may cost as little as 3/6, or as much, in convenient multiples, as the depths of his benevolence and his pocket will allow.

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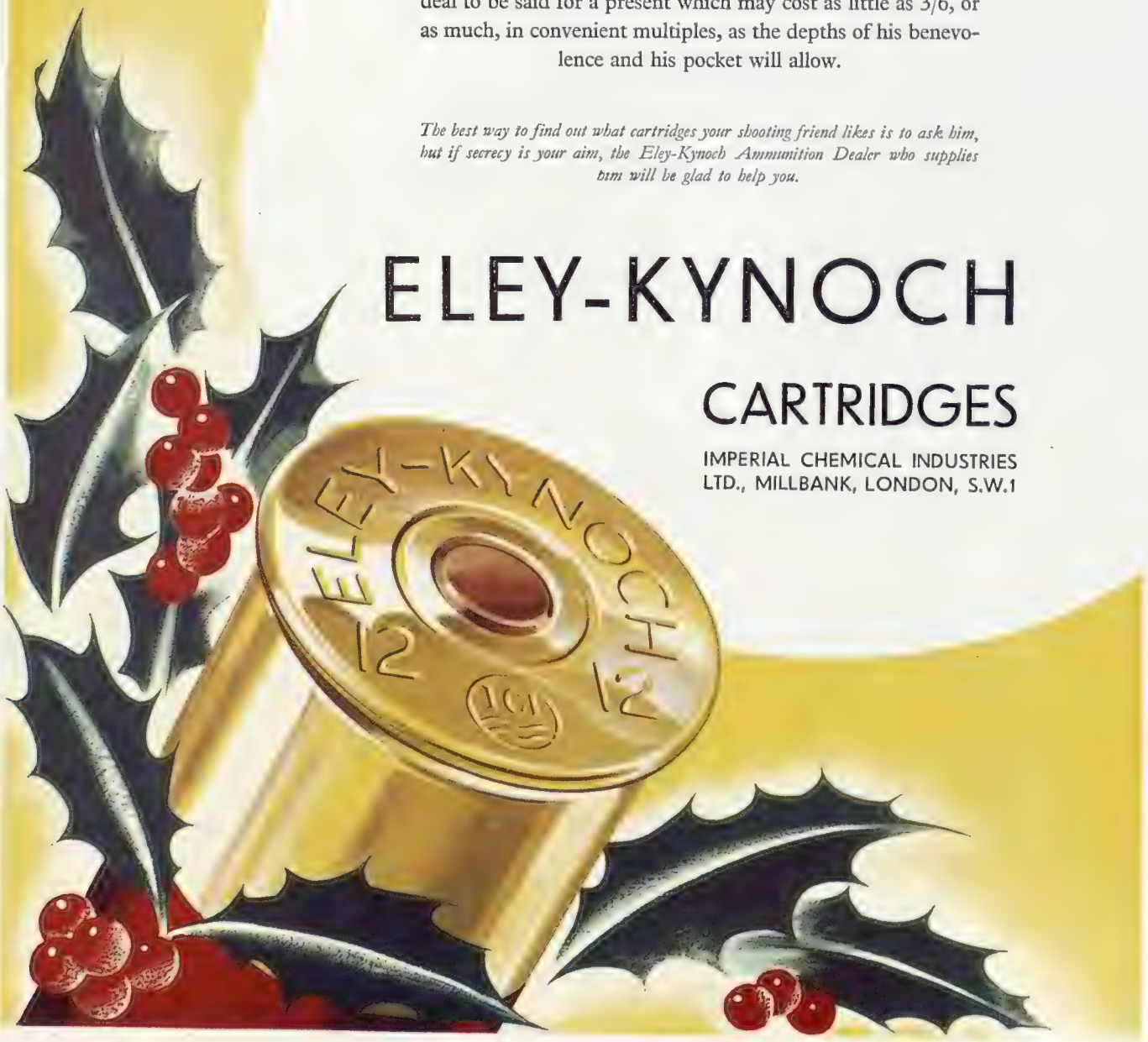

"After You, Who . . . ?"

A New "Bystander" Series of Celebrities in Cameo

No. 49

Seymour Leslie

Seymour Leslie is a clear case of heredity. As a child he watched his aunt, Lady Randolph Churchill, receiving committee members for Shakespeare's England—produced at the old Earl's Court by that promising young showman, Mr. Charles Blako Cochran. Now the sophisticates flock to his shows for Queen Charlotte's just as they haunt Gilbert Miller first nights, Korda premieres, Molyneux and Schiaparelli openings, and all new restaurants—with the result that in ten years he has actually raised over a quarter of a million pounds for his hospital.

With his goggle spectacles and rubber-tipped, gold-banded malacca, Seymour Leslie is a very familiar figure in the drawing-rooms of Mayfair and Belgravia. He says that you cannot interest all the people all the time and that at least half the charity shows miss this vital point. Why invite ladies long since retired to their beds to come to balls, or Newmarket fans to buy concert tickets? For the debutantes he offers the never-failing Birthday Ball; for the very frivolous there was the Zoo Ball; and for the dashing young-marrieds there will be the Virginia Ball on December 16th. Seymour Leslie is non-political but says that he hopes for a draw in the world war of False Ideas, and would like to be Foreign Secretary. He thinks the unemployment problem can only be solved by a higher birth-rate and wants bachelors taxed like hell. He also thinks that we ought to pay the American Debt—and then borrow it all back again. (Nobody has such credit as the debtor returned to the fold.)

Despite his disability, Seymour has directed trolley-buses in Madrid, electric finance in Milan, and a bookshop in Chelsea. What is more, he was for ten years with Vickers. Food? He likes to try everything virile; would enjoy seeing a chafing dish in every boudoir and a cradle in every home. His favourite bedside reading is next year's *Debrett*, but I personally think that he is a better writer even than his brother, Shane Leslie. Clubs? The Garrick, because you *must* talk there. He says that he left the Travellers' because Mr. Baldwin's pipe definitely unsettled him—thus bearing out his theory that in a world distrusted by experts it may pay to be superficial.

Seymour, I must tell you, is a great collector. He collects ballet tickets, hybrid rhododendrons, telephone extensions, recipes, revolutionary documents (all sides), editions of Stendhal, and imposing notepaper. His only novel—to revert to his writing—was called *Silent Queen*, but he hopes that his occasional articles succeed in bringing a little colour to the white-faced watchers of Harley Street waiting-rooms. Next February he hopes to open the Coronation season with a gala performance of the forthcoming Cochran revue, and to celebrate it after Easter with an historic wine sale at Christie's of two thousand venerable bottles. And, finally, education? He says he hopes to go to Oxford at sixty. Perhaps that is why he is so exceedingly witty in the meantime.

Charles Graves

Films of the Day

A Batch of Success Stories : By George Campbell

"THE accidents that have made stars! And unmade them, too, if it comes to that!" Rod La Rocque thoughtfully sipped the Scotch which, Anglo-maniac though he is over clothes and food and royalty and practically everything else, he finds only half as potent as the uncut American whisky.

"Listen: did you ever hear of the star who was made by a jack-rabbit? Believe it or not, his name is Warner Baxter. Warner, a grand fellow and a darned good actor, had had a run of wretched luck. Lubitsch had given him a trial in *The Marriage Circle* and decided he wasn't the type; and Warner's heart was nearly broken. Somehow producers couldn't 'see' him. He even lost faith in himself.

"One day Raoul Walsh was driving back from the desert location where he was directing *Old Arizona*, besides playing the leading part. It was a straight road—not an obstacle in sight—Walsh was doing seventy. All at once a jack-rabbit came crashing through the windscreen—and the next moment one of poor Walsh's eyes was lying on his cheek. Mrs. Walsh drove him back to a hospital, but Walsh, as a leading man, was finished.

"Naturally, too, Fox had to engage another director for the picture. Irving Cummings was sent for and his first headache was finding a leading man. He suggested Warner Baxter. The producer just sighed. 'Well, it will only cost five hundred dollars to make a test,' Cummings urged. 'Then we'll know just what we've got.'

"'We know now,' said the producer wearily; but at last he gave way. Baxter made a test, and came out well; the picture was a hit for Fox and for him, and the rest is history.

"AGAIN, take Frank Capra—day in and day out the most successful director in the world. He was born in Palermo, went to America as a penniless kid, started to work in pictures, and in 1921 was assistant director for a forgotten company and a gagman for Hal Roach. Just about then Harry Cohn was planning to produce as an independent. He called up an agent and asked for a list of directors. The first name on the alphabetical list was Capra's. Cohn gave him a chance making shorts; Harry Langdon persuaded him to make longer comedies; his *Forbidden* was hailed by critics everywhere as a masterpiece, though I don't think it meant very much at the box-office, and he has gone on to make *Lady For a Day*, *The Bitter Tea of General Yen*, *It Happened One Night*, and *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*. Thanks largely to Capra's brilliance as a director, and Harry Cohn's genius as an organiser, Columbia have rocketed up from Hollywood's Poverty Row to the front rank of the world's great film producers, all in about ten years."

LA ROCQUE, six-feet-three, one of the finest physical specimens on the screen, is still only thirty-seven; but he has seen all the great stars of the last decade come and go. He leapt to fame in Cecil B. de Mille's *The Ten Commandments* and romantic costume dramas such as *Resurrection* (with Dolores del Rio) and *Brigadier Gerard*. Always a shrewd and level-headed fellow, he realised that every star has his day and saved his money. What is still more remarkable, he kept it. Charles Ray was a millionaire, with one of Hollywood's palatial show houses. The crash came and every cent went. Jack Mulhall, who used to get £600 a week, saved a million dollars. Banks failed, stocks slumped, his fortune was wiped out. Now he is playing small parts, unrecognised save by a few of the faithful older fans. Player after player shot up, crashed in 1929 and either fought his way back painfully or is still broke and playing "bits," or working unrecognised in the crowd. But not La Rocque. By dividing his savings between half a dozen gilt-edged stocks he came undamaged through the crisis. Now he can travel the world, enjoy life with his lovely wife and work when he feels like it. Just at present he is making a picture at Elstree for the Twickenham Company.

AND speaking of chance, and Mrs. La Rocque, let her husband tell how one more star was made. "Sam Goldwyn was in Budapest. He was walking down the street when a photograph of a girl in a shop window caught his eye. He made inquiries, learned that the girl was working at a film studio just outside the city, and went to see her. He saw she had possibilities, and offered her a modest contract at £40 a week She couldn't speak a word of English, Hollywood didn't appeal to her, so she decided to turn the offer down.

"Her director told her she was making a mistake. 'Well, it's too late now,' she said. 'No—by taking a taxi you could just catch him at the station—I'll give you the afternoon off.' The girl found Goldwyn on the Orient Express. The contract was signed She went to Hollywood.

"And for a time regretted it. George Fitzmaurice, her first director, didn't like her work; he thought the whole thing would be a flop. But when they had cut it and put it together the picture was *The Dark Angel*; Colman and the new leading lady, Vilma Banky, were a sensation; they went on to make *The Winning of Barbara Worth*, *The Night of Love*, *The Magic Flame*, and *Two Lovers*; Goldwyn, generous as ever, tore up Miss Banky's contract and gave her a big boost in salary; and I found my wife. She's due in London this week——" and his eyes rested fondly on a photograph of Miss Banky, as beautiful as she was at the height of her screen career, standing beside him on a table. An unusually complete little success story; and rather charming, I think.

OF the new pictures let me recommend *Bullets or Ballots*, starring that toughest of tough guys, Edward G. Robinson. If you enjoy a good thriller, with something happening all the time and suspense that keeps you on the edge of your seat, then this is your dish. If you don't, it isn't. I can't say fairer than that.

Edward G(man) Robinson and Joan Blondell in "Bullets or Ballots"

"Bullets or Ballots," which opened at the Regal the week before last, is a thriller that thrills. Robinson, whether voting or shooting, is out to get his men, and one of them, Humphrey Bogart (Duke Mantee in "The Petrified Forest"), adds powerfully to the atmosphere of hair-trigger suspense. The ending is not so stereotyped, either

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Dorland

Round the World With the Russian Ballet

II.—Australian Contrasts

By Arnold L. Haskell

Arnold Haskell in Australia: "I have been dreaming of dancers—

MELBOURNE.

THE Russian Ballet has arrived in Australia, leaving the Tropics far behind. Thank God for that. The glamour of the Orient is a much over-rated affair. I am sick to death of bazaars, pukka sahibs and moth-eaten snakes. I am sick to death of heat, smells and food precautions—besides this Eastern business has been done much better and more realistically at the Paris Colonial Exhibition, with the added advantage that after an hour of exotic thrills one could get back to the Grands Boulevards, the finest native quarter I know in any part of the world. Colombo has ruined its magnificent approach by a blatant tea sign, a thing the artistic director of the Paris Exhibition would never have allowed.

ON the boat I am prepared for Australia in a variety of ways. The Anglo-Indians one and all decry it. I find they have never been there, but they once met an Australian, etc. But the most frequent occurrence is the following: A passenger with a furtive look in his eyes takes me aside, carefully sees that no one can overhead, and begins. . . . "I shall be surprised if you like Melbourne; a dull place. Sydney, now—there 's a city for you, and what a harbour! Have you heard about our bridge?" Another version of the same conversation is: "Sydney is very American, you won't like it at all. Melbourne, now, is English . . . the streets are straight and wide . . . our Botanical Garden . . ."

— birds —

I am used to this. I have met men from Chicago, and men from New York; men from St. Petersburg and men from Moscow. I once met a man from Manchester.

But Australia, or the tiny bit I 've seen, is grand; its people magnificent; and Australia is an undiscovered country. India is known; Africa is known; but there are more lies told about Australia than anywhere else. "Australian birds don't sing; the flowers don't smell," my steward told me. "All Australians talk Cockney." . . . "Australian wine is undrinkable." . . . "The Australians are hospitable, but oh so rough"; and so on, legend after legend.

THIS is a land of exquisite courtesy; yes, even at the Customs they know how to welcome their guests with a smile, porters smile and make cheery conversation; the Press interview one on the boat and then go on to offer one a lift to town; taxi men are profuse in their thanks for tips. And the hospitality!

One of our dancers was invited to a party with the rest of the troupe. He thought he knew the way, and arrived at a brightly illuminated house where a party was in progress. After an hour and a splendid supper, he began to be worried. Where were his colleagues? Who was his hostess? He asked. He had come to the wrong house. They were celebrating the daughter's engagement. Not only did he stay and kiss the bride, but they took him for a drive every Sunday in Adelaide, and he frequently shared the family supper. That is Australia.

Every day in Adelaide I have had to swallow eleven rounds of drinks in the club, proferred by total strangers, and the local wine is good, let there be no mistake about that. Unfortunately, it is not always easy to get. Wine waiters prefer offering inferior French wines, badly shaken in the Great Australian Bight—the local Bay of Biscay, only more so—to a good vin du pays. I have visited the vineyards and in certain dark cellars have tasted wines that were a delight.

ADELAIDE, an adorable garden city, with a population of 250,000, supported the ballet to capacity for a fortnight, and wanted more. Nimes is the same size: ballet runs there for a night. To-day, Paris could not have done such business. The success was universal. As an instance: I went to see 25,000 sheep auctioned at the Burra, and overheard the following:

DROVER: "Have you been to see those Russians?"

PUBLICAN: "Yes, and I 'm saving up to go again—*Sillfides* was fine—I 'm sending my kids on Saturday."

— and sheep"

I have been dreaming of sheep, birds and dancers. I never knew so many sheep existed. Stations (Australian for "ranches") are reckoned by the square mile, and 2000 square miles is not a record station.

But the birds are a joy: Bakst-coloured Rosella parrots, willie wagtails, and that prince of comedians, the kookaburra, or laughing-jackass, with his genial guffaw.

IN England everyone discusses the weather; in India and Australia, too; only here everyone says: "Hurrah, it 's raining; with luck we may have an inch"; and they rush out, get wet, and revel in it, for every point puts the value of everything up, and those countless millions of patient baa-lambs increase in value drop by drop. I have seen the Derby in Melbourne, and have felt thoroughly at home. It was raining and blowing a gale. To-morrow is the Cup; all Australia will be there, and we are promised fine weather. Racing is a serious business here, and Cup Day is a bank-holiday. The clerk has no need to bury his family, consequently the death rate is considerably lower.

Melbourne is a large city, reminiscent at moments of London, Paris, Chicago. After that charming garden city, Adelaide, it is difficult to avoid being run over, and here pedestrians wait like sheep—it is impossible to keep sheep out of this—for the green light.

AUSTRALIANS do not speak Cockney. They either enunciate like college professors, or talk perfectly good Australian, which is a language of its own, just as American or Scotch. Strong language is used with great frequency, and the Russian Ballet, ever receptive and willing to learn, has picked it up. After their American tours, everything has been "swell" or "lousy"; now it will be "bonza" or "bloody." Their performances so far have been "bonza," the only fear is an excess of hospitality, always a grave danger in this country.

Yes, Australia is unknown: a country of sweet-scented flowers, singing birds, courteous men, pretty girls, of as much or as little culture as anywhere else; and I am told of sunshine. So far this spring, I have worn an overcoat specially bought for a winter in Chicago. My wife told me to leave it behind. I have wired her: "My coat a blessing—stop—I told you so."

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Gutman

The Viscountess Hastings

Lady Hastings, Italian by birth, daughter of the Marchese Casati, married the Earl of Huntingdon's only son in 1925. They both love and practise the arts; he is well known as the author of *The Golden Octopus*, and has a show of paintings, drawings, and panels in fresco open at the Lefevre Galleries now. Lady Hastings has just published *Flamingo and Pelican*, a book for children, which she has written and illustrated. Her newest interest is in mosaic, in which she has worked some tombstones for animals. Since their marriage the Hastings have spent two years in Tahiti; now they are living in St. John's Wood, where their telephone number is Primrose 1066, a coincidence which a bright boy of the penny Press discovered recently. The connection of the family with William the Conqueror's battle had some more publicity last week, when Lord Hasting's claim to carry the Golden Spurs at the Coronation was heard in the Privy Council Chamber. Lord and Lady Hastings have an eight-year-old daughter, Moorea

A charming gown for dancing . . . with a wide, wide skirt. In black tulie, with embroidered garlands of spangles

A sleek dinner gown in black silk jersey called "Sultane"

Below: A lovely draped evening gown in aluminium grey satin

Below: A dramatic evening cape in four vertical panels of black woollen

HERE is a "pre-view" of four creations from Robert Piguet's collection, called "Gowns for Christmas," which will be shown at the opening of his London Establishment at 47 Grosvenor Street on December eighth. The noted young Parisian designer arrived in London recently to attend personally to the final details of the presentation of his collection.

Announcement by Robert Piguet.

Morning: Godfrey Tearle, in his Edinburgh hotel, had finished his after-breakfast cigarette and got down to work—a last look over his part of Saul in "The Boy David." The first night was that evening

Night: Sir Harold Fawcus, Director-General of the British Red Cross Society, was very much on duty at the Red Cross Ball at Grosvenor House

Round the Clock

Celebrities' Morning, Noon and Night

Noon: R. E. S. Wyatt, as a change from watching cricket, went to Clare races with his movie camera and Miss Kath Rymill, the golf champion of South Australia

Noon: "Caroline Bayly" posed in her dressing-room for the photographer. She has taken over Patricia Hilliard's part in "Call It a Day," and made a success of it. In real life Lady Caroline Paget, eldest of the Angleseys' attractive quintet

Night: the annual dinner and dance of the London Society of Derbyshiremen was held last week; qualifications of these four were: A. W. Richardson—captain of the county cricket club; Lord Scarsdale—landowner and Captain in the Derbyshire Yeomanry; Vice-Admiral Drury-Lowe — chairman; Miss Bridget Newell — county golfer and J.P.

J.13a.

when,
after dinner,
you
leave
the men
"to their stories".

and
for a moment
things
seem
a bit
"flat" . . .

have you ever noticed
how
a cigarette
immediately helps
to relieve
that
slightly
strained
atmosphere?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

Mrs. R. M. Fanshawe and Miss V. Holroyde were out on the icy cold and foggy day that the Cottesmore met at Tilton

Miss Joan Johnson and Mrs. Howard Lynn, one of the Americans who are hunting over here this season, were at a Belvoir meet at Scalford

Out in the Frost

Hunting, Shooting, Racing

Lord Doverdale, Sir William Gowers and Lady Doverdale were standing in a covert at Westwood Park, Lord Doverdale's place near Droitwich. Sir William Gowers has been Senior Crown Agent for the Colonies since 1932

Captain the Master of Gray was talking to Mrs. Warburton Jackson at Lingfield. He is Baroness Gray's elder son, and trains for the Countess of Lindsay

Left: Miss Diana Royds and Miss Forbes-Robertson-Aikman were at Lingfield for the last Saturday afternoon's flat racing there. Lingfield was one of the few spots in England that weren't fog-bound that day

ATTRACTIVE AND SPECIALLY REDUCED RATES APPLY THIS SEASON. FULL INFORMATION FROM THE
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Desmond Kingsford
Cambridge Captain

The Top of the Monte Sises Run at Sestrières

J. Palmer-Tomkinson
Oxford Captain

The Varsity Teams Ski Race

The Rival Captains on their Prospects

THE Oxford and Cambridge races take place at Sestrières this year, between the 20th and 26th December. It is the first racing fixture of importance, and is a useful guide of form to the selectors of the British team. The meeting consists of a downhill race, a slalom, and a relay race, which has now taken the place of the ordinary langlauf. The Universities are this year considering the inclusion of ski-jumping as an event.

Each year, nearly one hundred undergraduates from both Universities visit the centre of the race, and it is one of the biggest stimulants to the sport to have this young blood competing so energetically.

J. A. PALMER-TOMKINSON, captain of the Oxford University ski team, is one of the finest British downhill runners, and he writes as follows on the prospects of his team:

"This year the Oxford and Cambridge ski race is to be held at Sestrières (nearly 7000 feet). It is a wonderful ski-ing centre, where there is almost certain to be snow, and where it is possible to do over 20,000 feet of ski-ing in a day. This is an immense advantage, which simplifies enormously the task of choosing the teams and getting them reasonably fit in the very limited time before the race.

"We have no rigid system of training, it being left to those who fancy their chances of getting into the team to use their own discretion as regards smoking and drinking, etc. Nor do we have any form of training in England before going out, though most people play some game or other during the term and are fairly fit by the time they arrive on the snow. The only form of training imposed by the club consists of really hard ski-ing in the form of organised runs, slaloms and trial races, which makes it possible to choose the best team from a number of unknown and inexperienced ski-ers.

"THIS year Oxford should have little difficulty in choosing a team, since we have four out of five of last year's winning side: Willy Earle, Dick McConnell, David Robertson, and myself, and also Robert Readhead, who got an Olympic trial last year. On form, therefore, we ought to be able to beat Cambridge again.

"Cambridge, however, have the makings of a formidable team with Desmond Kingsford, winner of the langlauf and second in the downhill race, and Joe Cunningham. They have, moreover, one event, the relay race, virtually won, since Kingsford and Cunningham are incomparably the best langlaufers in either University. The relay race, consisting of two downhill sections and two flat or uphill sections, was substituted last year for the langlauf proper, and makes a much more interesting event.

"Oxford, therefore, will have to win both the slalom and downhill, which they ought to do, but it is sure to be an amusing contest, and it only remains for Sestrières to provide us with snow and weather worthy of the event."

DESMOND Kingsford is one of the best British exponents of the langlauf and rowed number 4 in the Cambridge boat. He writes that:

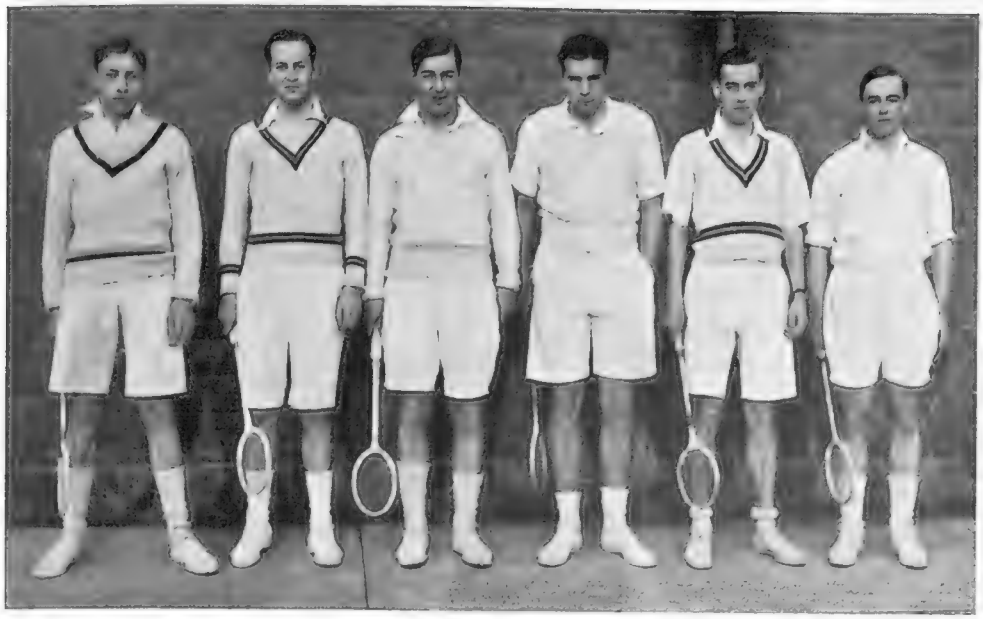
"Sestrières is one of the most suitable centres for early ski-ing, as the high altitude makes snow practically a certainty by the beginning of December—so essential for training a team in the short time at our disposal. In 1933 Cambridge gained an overwhelming victory, winning all three events. The following year Cambridge was again successful. The tables were turned, however, in 1935 at St. Moritz, when in a snow-storm Oxford won by two events to one, Cambridge being successful in the relay race. This year the great majority of the competitors will experience for the first time the thrills of the classic Sises run.

"IT is too early to forecast the result, but Cambridge have lost two of their last year's team, whereas Oxford have only one vacancy to fill, and in J. Palmer-Tomkinson, their Captain of Olympic fame, they possess one of the finest English ski-ers of all time. W. H. Earle of Oxford, and J. W. H. Cunningham of Cambridge, are also ski-ers of great merit.

"It is hoped that this year, with the revival of interest in jumping at the Universities, this branch of sport may again be included in the contest, and in M. H. Anderson, Cambridge have a jumper of very considerable talent.

"With Sestrières now becoming a big racing centre, both Universities are looking forward to an enjoyable season, culminating in a race between a combined Oxford and Cambridge team against the Italian Universities."

Squash Rackets

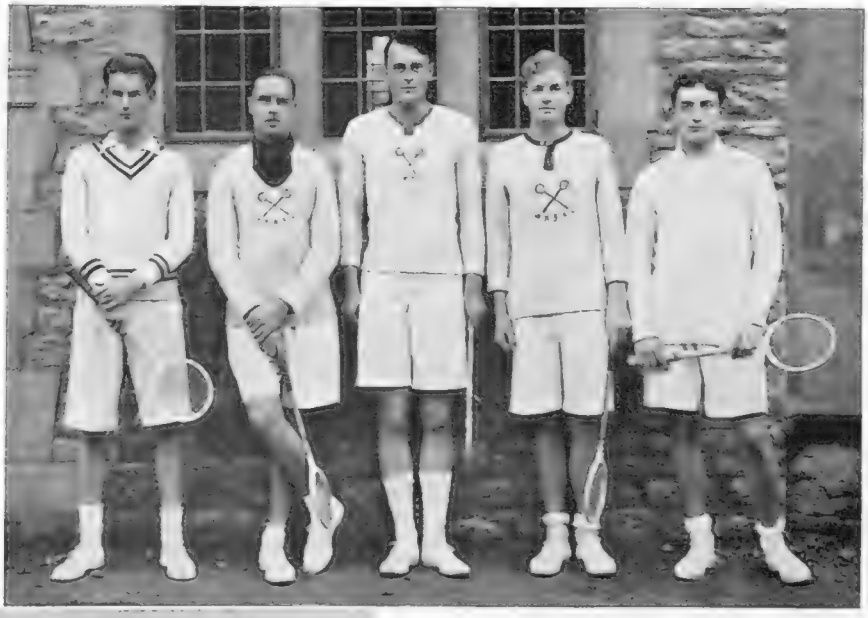


The Cambridge Team

N. F. Borrett, M. B. Baring (secretary), N. W. D. Yardley (captain), G. R. Noel, E. Halliday, and — Wollaston (reserve) are the team Cambridge sends to play Oxford at the Bath Club on December 15th. Norman Yardley (St. Peter's, York, and St. John's) is the only triple Blue up at present—cricket, hockey and squash. He plays cricket for Yorkshire, won the Drysdale Cup twice, and was a semi-finalist in the Amateur Squash Championship last year

Charles Read

The famous professional at Queen's was professional champion until 1928, and once held three championships simultaneously—rackets, squash, and lawn tennis

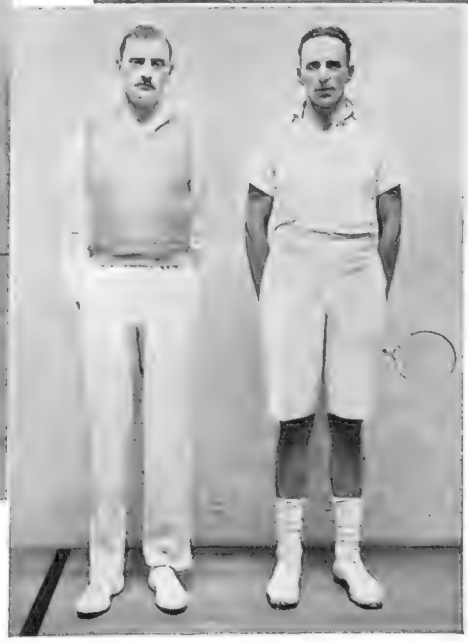


The Oxford Team

J. S. Macnaghten, R. C. Riseley, R. Pulbrook (captain), L. H. Waddy (secretary) and J. F. Hayley are Oxford's chosen players. Roger Pulbrook (Harrow and Magdalen) is a double Blue (tennis and squash) and has represented Oxford at rackets, Eton fives, and billiards. He was in the Harrow cricket XI., and has won the Public Schools Lawn Tennis Championship

The Army Championship

Capt. Guy O. Jameson, R.E., won the 1936 Championship; he held it in 1931 and 1932, but hadn't played for two years. With him is E. L. Malet, 10th Hussars, whom he beat. Jameson has been Army tennis champion, and has run and played soccer for the Army



Two More Army Players

Left: Capt. Humphrey Guinness, the Greys, lost to Capt. the Hon. Noel Lytton-Milbanke, Rifle Brigade, when they met in the Army Championship. Capt. Lytton-Milbanke is a brother of the Hon. Anne Lytton-Milbanke, one of the best English women squash players. Capt. Guinness is an English polo international

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

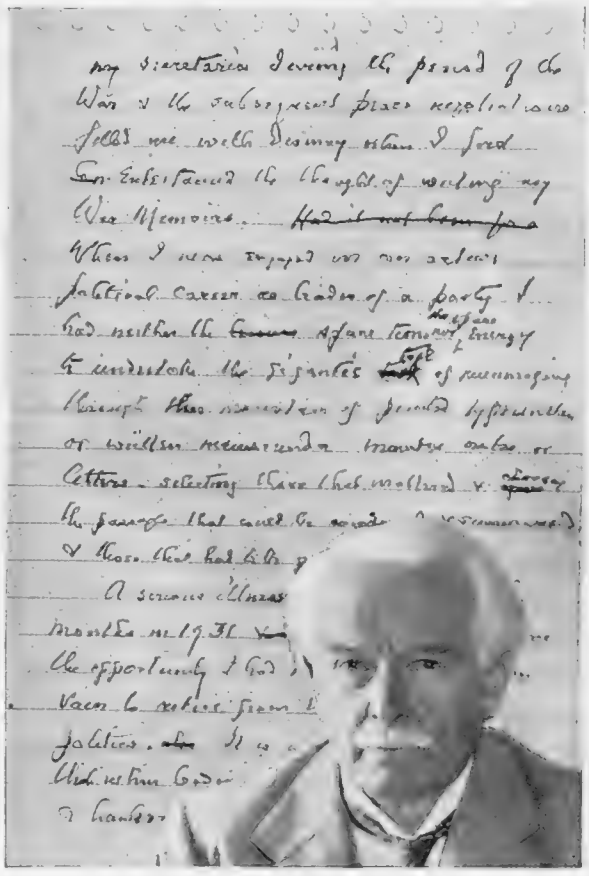
L.L.G.: The Last Volume: By Alan Thomas

For the general reader the most striking passages of the sixth and last volume of Mr. Lloyd George's *War Memoirs* (Ivor Nicholson and Watson; 21s.), are contained in the author's plain-spoken views on Haig and on the "remarkably sterile and undistinguished" extracts from Haig's Diaries, edited by Mr. Duff Cooper. This chapter is written in Mr. Lloyd George's best controversial style. So also is the last chapter of all, entitled "Some Reflections on the Functions of Governments and Soldiers respectively in a War," where he discusses, among other things, "the solicitude with which most Generals in high places (there were honourable exceptions) avoided personal jeopardy."

The volume covers the period from the German summer offensive of 1918 to the signing of the Armistice. The whole story—not unnaturally—confirms Mr. Lloyd George's statement in his preface that the war was won not on the merits of the case but on a balance of resources and of blunders. One of our chief blunders in the early days was to pay far too little attention to the so-called subsidiary theatres of war—Salonika, Turkey, Italy—and so to miss the chance of organising a Balkan Confederation which might very well have resulted in shortening the war by two years. We were saved, however, from the consequences of our own blunders by the bigger and (from our point of view) better blunders committed by the Germans.

To the question, "Could the war have been averted?", Mr. Lloyd George returns an unhesitating affirmative, on the general ground that no sovereign or leading statesman in any of the belligerent countries sought or desired a European war. It is an answer that strikes one as curiously inadequate, because it leaves out any consideration of the system—or lack of system—on which international relations were based. True, as Mr. Lloyd George says, that if "it had been made clear to the Kaiser that Britain would make war upon Germany if she invaded Belgium, he and his advisers would have paused to confer before it was too late." But might not the argument at this point have been expanded a little? The war could no doubt have been averted for a few months or even years, but so long as peace depended on a balance of power and the scale pans were kept in doubtful equilibrium by ever-increasing weights of armaments, it is difficult to believe that war could have been averted altogether.

Of peace-making, Mr. Lloyd George naturally enough says nothing in these volumes. He drops a hint, however, that the long controversies of Versailles may be recorded in a new series of Memoirs "if strength and opportunity avail."



Foundations of a Monument

This loose-leaf sheet of regular, pot-hooky writing, in pencil, shows how rarely Mr. Lloyd George hesitated in pouring forth his "War Memoirs." Corrections, often drastic, came first in the typescript and printer's pulls. The last volume of this monumental work (published by Ivor Nicholson and Watson) is reviewed on this page

"Leaves From My Unwritten Diary," by Sir Harry Preston (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.), is what you would expect it to be—only better. It is like the match-head cocktail he describes in his book—a mixture of everything in sight on the table from the champagne to the salt. Harry Preston was essentially a fighter. At the age of eighteen months when his nurse advanced upon him with a spoonful of cod-liver oil, he landed her with a black eye; even his most vivid childhood memory was that of his first fight at school. And the great thing about him was that if he ever lost a fight—and he did have some reverses—he always came up smiling. For he was a fundamentally happy warrior, endowed with a gift for getting the maximum enjoyment out of life. The sky alone seemed to be the limit to his range of friendships and even in the sky he was, as he tells us, on nodding terms with Old Man Death.

This book, full of good talk and good stories, is a speaking likeness of the man. Its atmosphere is as bracing and invigorating as the air of the seaside beside which this genial sportsman so much liked to be.

"Somewhere in Silence," by Patrick Brand (Bles; 7s. 6d.), is the story of Joe Hammond, a sailor, who, having fished for four years in the troubled waters round Iceland and having written a book on his experiences, proceeds to fish in the even more troubled waters of sub-literary Chelsea. In the desperation of loneliness he falls in with Betty, a working girl, who encourages him, if not in his advances, at all events in his work. He is also taken up by a set of hangers-on known as the Workers' (or, as Joe more appropriately calls them, the Shirkers') Art Group. The moderate success of his book brings him a taste of fame, but a taste which quickly turns sour. His efforts to make money with short stories end only in short funds, and with Betty's death—brought on by the induced birth of another man's child—he turns his back on the icy breezes which whistle round the lower slopes of Mount Parnassus and returns to the comparatively warm and congenial atmosphere of the Arctic Sea.

"Somewhere in silence is hid his real life from our gross eyes," is the quotation which gives the book its title. It is a very honest piece of work affording what is obviously a veracious account of life in Lower Bohemia. The characters are real—more so than one or two of the scenes they appear in. But it is character, not setting, that gives life. This is Mr. Brand's first novel. I hope it will not be his last.

Mr. Brand's characters, I have said, are real. I cannot say as much for those in Miss Phyllis Bottome's new novel, *Level Crossing* (Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.). Whether she is writing of wealthy New Yorkers or desperate gangsters, they all seem about as authentic as plaster casts. The book opens at a smart pace with the young American hero breaking a motor record. Speed was his watchword. Within twenty-four hours of meeting a girl he told her he intended to marry her. And he did. So soon as she was his bride he announced that they were going to have a son at the earliest possible moment. And they did. But there was a bit of a slow-up when the wife was kidnapped just before the son was born. The book comes within arm's length of reality for the first time when Miss Bottome describes Deidre's labour-pains. But this is a temporary lapse, and the climax is reached when the young mother and child take refuge in the cage of a lioness who also has just accomplished her first lying-in. *Level Crossing*, in fact, oscillates dangerously between melodrama and bathos. Not, I regret to say, Miss Bottome at the top of her form.

This England . . .

A Landscape near Broadway, Worcestershire

"NEW-FANGLED things," to make living easier, penetrate but slowly to the life of our lovely countryside. Yet does it breed its centenarians. Still is it held that threescore years and ten is not, properly speaking, *old*. Their rules of health are simple and few, sprung of wise habit rather than new-won knowledge. Exercise in the open, a regular rhythm of toil and rest. Breathing deep and drinking deep . . . of good ale. Good ale, in true proportion to his way of life, is indeed a fount of health, not dissimilar to man's daily bread. And of ales, none more subtly nourishing than his Worthington.

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"Bystander" Short Story No. 66

Six Variations on a Theme

By Jean Earle

THE Old Woman got in first—a nice, empty carriage. She lugged her straw holdall to a corner in the sun, and sat there fiercely, her eyes like blue periwinkle petals. In a moment her fastness was invaded. It was a Saturday in a holiday month, and the West Country station was quite busy. A Girl got in, too.

The Old Woman inspected her feet—she always began at feet. The Girl lifted her shiny new hat-box, lilting on tiptoe, in her smart town shoes. She lilted into her seat, her fair white collar rose and fell with a flap. Under her tipped hat, leaving her young face naked and alive, the hair curled dark and tight, like little question-marks. She pulled off hat and gloves, with a gesture of sensitive hands that were in love with the air. She sat still, and yet was not still. Have you seen a spring tree, that dances without any wind? The Old Woman sniffed.

The Little Boy arrived next. He had his father to see him off. He was a sturdy little boy, about twelve years old. His face was blank and tight, as if his round features had buttoned it up. Stolidly he stood at the window, while his father looked in on him with a harassed air, producing a comic paper from his pocket, clearing his throat.

"Well—you 'll be all right now. I 'll be off to catch my connection."

The Little Boy nodded, clutching his comic. The man fidgeted, looking at posters, his eyes suddenly poignant in his worried face. He was as shy of the boy as the boy was of him.

"Well, good-bye, son—see you again before long."

He was gone. The boy clung to the window. Then he ran to the corner facing the Old Woman. She smiled at him, her face sharp and friendly under her high-sitting hat. He immediately disappeared behind his comic, all but his legs in their stumpy boys' boots, and his small, reserved hands.

There was nothing noticeable about the Young Man, except that he looked ill. Nor about the Small Outsize, as she composed the revers of her black locknit two-piece, except that she must once have been moistly pretty. The train was rousing itself. "No hurry," it seemed to yawn. "Plenty of time to go meandering down into that West Country." But now it collected its wits—it was moving out—when up the platform pounded the Countryman in His Best, propelling his wife before him. His arms seized the doll-like woman, and precipitated her in. "Lor!" he said, perspiring freely, "That were near!". He set his little burden down. The others looked on, idly fascinated. She was almost a dwarf, her tiny shoes hanging clear of the floor. She wore a coat too large, and a respectable white blouse, and an engulfing hat, like a child dressed up. Her skin shone white as a paper narcissus, and her hair was like child's hair, straying on her shoulders in a way that somehow made you shiver. It was beautiful hair. Her husband mopped himself with a loud handkerchief. "All right, are 'ee, Liz?" he bawled at her, as though she were deaf. He took her hand, clumsily rubbing it. She looked back at him trustingly, without much sense, as a tame bird looks sometimes.

QUIETLY the train ambled through the late afternoon. They lapsed one by one into their various dreams, these souls who were shut up like sardines in a moving tin, and had no more contact with one another than the stars.

"The tide 's always in at the point," thought the pale Young Man. He closed his eyes, and saw the sea, the wide and lonely sands. "Straight out, until—I can't keep up. Then——" His eyes opened. Into them flew the buttercup fields, beating like waves against his sight. The Girl opposite leaned forward between him and the window. Something about her moved him with intolerable loneliness and violence. He looked with horror at her clear and rapt young face, transparent in its thin fire, like fairy's blood. He shut his eyes—oh, quickly he shut his eyes—and saw again those wide and lonely sands, where to-night he would finish his life.

The Old Woman came to with a nod, and heard Zachary's old watch ticking away in her holdall. Half-dozing, she thought of cheese. That was a nice bit she 'd been starting on when Jem Simons came in to her last Wednesday evening "Bain't your old man's name Zachary? There 've bin an appeal on our wireless—her 's sick to hospital, in Lunnon-town. Announcer says go to onst!" Dear knew why she never stopped to cover the cheese, before going off—spoiling good cheese on account of Zachary! Hadn't they only been wed three year, afore he began on the drink, and lost his work. Nor couldn't get any more to do, after three year again. "Out!" she 'd told him, at last. "I can do better single nor double!" He 'd gone, too. Nigh sixteen year since she 'd seen him, afore they hustled her into that gurt white place, after the terrible business of getting to him. Ah, well—and Zack was dead! Her fierce old eye roved to the Girl once more. Nothing to her, there weren't, for a tall maid, and her breathing that light and quick, as one who takes breath for singing. She 'd been a finer maid nor *her*, when Zachary was young—when Zachary was young. . . . She heard the watch ticking loudly away in the holdall under her elbow. Her lips set grim, as she stared at The Girl. "Too bright for her weather to keep up, her be!"

(Continued on page xx)

Illustration by Seabright

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The simplicity of a classic line—the beauty of a classic fabric—epitomized in this Empire gown in 'Celanese' reversible Court Satin.

Women Losers

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

THE women do not seem to have been faring too well in their encounters of the past week against men. Miss Fishwick's team certainly did not go into the business with much hope against Cambridge, however full of determination they might be to show that they could beat that extremely good side as well as Oxford, and although they had only six strokes.

But it was a different matter at Western Gailes, where the West of Scotland, reinforced by Miss Jessie Anderson at their head, took on a side representing the '32 Club. There the men were far from at full strength, the Walker Cup members of the club not being available; there were nine strokes, and Western Gailes, for all it is such a magnificent test of golf, might have been supposed to be a helpful, hopeful course for the women by reason of being the genuine seaside article with run to match. The prophets predicted utter rout for the men. Moreover, the gale, which the papers had predicted, failed to blow. But neither did the predicted victory materialise. Miss Anderson did her bit at the top; so did Mrs. J. B. Walker and Mrs. Greenlees, and so did Miss Betty Henderson down at the bottom of the twelve, and Miss Vivian Lamb at the centre of them; but that was all.

After the first five holes Miss Anderson was in grand fettle, with as near as nothing a holed tee shot at the thirteenth just to keep things lively. Mr. R. Neill, Scottish Championship finalist though he is, and on his home course into the bargain, probably thought himself safe when Miss Anderson was in the heather at the seventeenth, but down went a long putt, and the match was still square. At the eighteenth Mr. Neill had a divot-mark and a bunker to contend with, and Miss Anderson, leaving nothing to chance, got a great 4 for hole and match.

There was good golf in other matches besides that one: Mr. Dickson, poor man, was only one over fours for sixteen holes, and had the match square there, but the relentless nine strokes was too much for him, and Mrs. Greenlees won 2 up. Mr. A. W. Whyte, knowing, no doubt, that with anybody as brilliant as Mrs. Holm the only way is to get in the first blow, and keep on getting them, was level fours for his match, and so won it by 5 and 4.

Winners of the Pearson Trophy

Hindhead ladies' team won the Pearson Trophy this year, held last by Berkamsted; the winning team was: Miss Heyworth, Miss E. Wrightson, Miss B. Bett (captain), Mrs. Trollope, Mrs. Noble Mathews; (sitting) Miss M. Martin Jones, Miss H. Bett, Mrs. Pelmore, Miss M. Wrightson

IF Western Gailes might be thought a course whereon the women might win, nobody had any illusions about Ashridge, particularly the homeward half, where hole after hole seemed exactly that eminently just and sound length where Cambridge could get up in two shots, and Miss Fishwick's team could not. Added to that was the fog. Here again the extra bit of length was of huge importance, for the men were able to drive to within sight of the pin, whereas the ladies had to play their second shots by faith of the blindest.

Of course, faith may occasionally be even better than sight: at the sixth, for example, in the morning foursomes, Miss Fishwick and the opposition both put the tee shot within six yards of the invisible pin, Miss Dorrit Wilkins running down the putt to win the hole in two. But it did not avail them for long: Mr. P. B. Lucas and Mr. G. H. Dixon saw to that. In fact, the only foursome winners were Miss Enid Wilson and Miss Kathleen Garnham, who managed a 3 and 2 win from Mr. Langley and Mr. S. G. Dalley, a very stout performance, as the men were out in 36. Miss Wilson was playing great golf in the afternoon too, but Mr. Watermeyer had the twelve holes—it was no use attempting to play more in the fog—in four under fours, and so was one up.

THIS year's BYSTANDER Cup looks as if it might be won with something even better than last year's five spoons, which was the total for three players, of whom Mrs. Rhodes, the Yorkshire and Northern champion, won the tie. Already Mrs. Swannell, of Northampton, and Miss D. R. Wooding, of the neighbouring Kingsthorpe, have won five apiece, and there is still November and December to be reckoned with. Miss Wooding, you remember, was the first holder of the Cup. Then there is Miss I. Bateman, of Shirley Park—whose sister has held it—close up with four wins. If one may whisper a word of encouragement to all, it is, not to be shy about sending in bad cards; strange totals sometimes win.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

Cambridge Beat Miss Fishwick's Team at Ashridge

Miss Diana Fishwick's team of ten lost to Cambridge University by 11½ to 3½ points (they had beaten Oxford 11-5). The ladies lost this foursome by 4 and 2: Dorrit Wilkins, Percy Lucas, Diana Fishwick and Gordon Dixon. Thick fog held throughout the match

Christian Watermeyer and G. G. D. Carter beat Bridget Newell and Gwen Cradock-Hartopp, 1 up. Watermeyer, a Caius South African, is now in a nursing-home after the Newmarket Road smash when Ambrose Todd lost his life

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Two New Blues

William Roden (Uppingham and Downing) is to play centre three-quarter for Cambridge at Twickenham and John Forrest (Strathallain and St. Catharine's) will be on the left wing. Forrest, the most promising fresher this year, will have the task of marking Obolensky

Thomas Kemp

Kemp (Denstone and St. Catharine's) is another new Cambridge Blue, playing at fly-half, a position where he has made a successful partnership with the secretary, J. D. Low. He is the first Denstonian to get a Rugger Blue at Cambridge

Howard Marshall on Rugger

The Season Proper Begins

So we approach the momentous days, the beginning of the Rugby season proper, the representative matches which worry selectors and give the needy journalist something concrete to write about.

I 'm not sure that I entirely welcome the change from club affairs to the serious business of the Rugby year. The Varsity match next week, I confess, has its attractions, but I am by no means so sure about Saturday's trial match at Workington. I don't begrudge the good people of Cumberland their rare show, but Workington is just a shade inaccessible for some of us. And when we get there we shan't see a great deal.

Mind you, the selectors are shaping the England side quite definitely. It is possible that there will only be three changes in the back division as selected for the first trial, only three changes for the match against Wales. They may be, I suggest, at full-back, right wing, and stand-off half.

The Selectors have picked G. W. Parker, late of Cambridge, now of Gloucester, for full-back at Workington and a rattling good player he is. I fancy, though, that H. G. Owen-Smith will face the Welshmen, for his knee appears to be sound again, and he played a game of the real Owen-Smith vintage for Hampshire the other day. He is a remarkably gifted all-rounder, and at his best he is in a class by himself at full-back.

Then A. Obolensky has to come in on the right wing, and if he is fit I take it that he is bound to be chosen. A. G. Butler, who takes his place at Workington, is a real flier, a long-striding, swerving, pace-changing menace, and I hear great things of the stocky young R. H. Guest, of Liverpool University, who is given his chance with the Possibles.

There is, in fact, no shortage of wing three-quarters, and we shall find our centres easily enough. If G. W. C. Meikle maintains his present form he will be one of them, and there are those who argue that W. H. Roden, of Cambridge, is up to England standard. I am not so sure of this, good player though Roden is, and we cannot forget P. C. Cranmer, who will surely strike his best form when the big games come along.

The real problem is stand-off half. Quite rightly the selectors have stuck to last year's pair—Candler and Gadney. After all, did not England trounce New Zealand by playing grand, orthodox, constructive football? We must not forget that, and Gadney and Candler had their share in that famous victory.

Here again persistent persons ram home the claims of the Cambridge pair, T. A. Kemp and J. D. Low. It will take a lot to persuade me that Low is in the same class as Gadney where International football is concerned. Kemp might do. He will surely have his chance, and if the selectors believe in playing half-backs as a pair, Low may go in with him. There is something to be said for the pair of half-back theory. The Welshmen in their heyday recognised the value of it. Now we pick the two best individual half-backs, and argue that if they are really up to standard they will be good enough players to adapt themselves quickly to one another's methods.

A pretty argument, but it turns on the type of players available, and this year I fancy Gadney will hold his place. He is not an easy partner for an inexperienced stand-off half, for those long rocket passes of his are apt to be surprising, and his dashes from the scrummage call for alert support. Many people seem to think that J. R. Auty would be the best man to choose with him, but how would Auty stand up to a shaking from the Welshmen? Actually I fancy P. Candler may cling to his eminent position.

As for the forwards, the dear old cannon-fodder, the selectors are working on solid lines. I doubt whether they will better R. J. Longland, H. B. Toft and Harold Wheatley as a front-row, and in the second row A. Wheatley is supported by the 17 stone of A. Clarke, a giant whose bulk does not affect his speed. The back row is peopled at Workington by sufficiently lively gentlemen, but there are plenty of them about, and it may be that the Possibles pack contains some suitably fiery marauders.

Frankly, I have not seen a number of the Possibles players. They are the products of county football, and very good I dare say they are.

Some of them I have watched this year, forwards like G. Greaves and N. Adams, for example, and such promising three-quarters as B. E. Nicholson, the Old Whitgiftians' centre, and R. B. Horsley, the Harlequin left wing. Nicholson is manifestly full of football, and he has played some rare, ubiquitous games for Surrey, dashing through the centre and tackling like a demon. At present his positional play is a little out of perspective, perhaps, and he needs more experience of big football, though it is fine to see him forcing his way to the front like this.

Horsley is another youngster brought into prominence by county football. He has the oldest method of attack, an apparently slow, hesitant run, reinforced by a violent hand-off. He seems to check as he approaches an opponent, who checks also, whereupon Horsley's hand arrives under his jaw, and another try goes down on the books. The only criticism I have to make is that Horsley seems to be in danger of enjoying his hand-off so much that he may forget his running, and he can run very hard indeed.

In the meanwhile I am impressed chiefly by two things. First, the diligence of our worthy selectors, who have ranged so far to complete their teams for the first trial. We do owe them a greater debt of gratitude for their disinterested labours than we sometimes realise.

Second, I am impressed by the number of likely young players good enough to merit a trial and I am convinced that we have every reason for optimism. In my opinion, England are building up a grand team and the Welsh match at Twickenham in January bids fair to be a hum-dinger.

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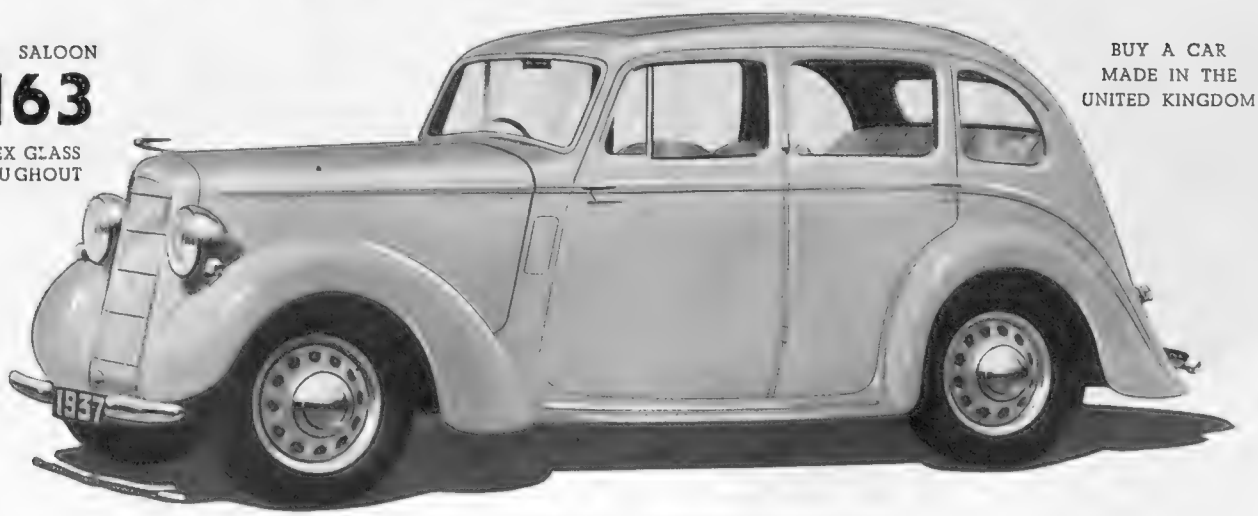

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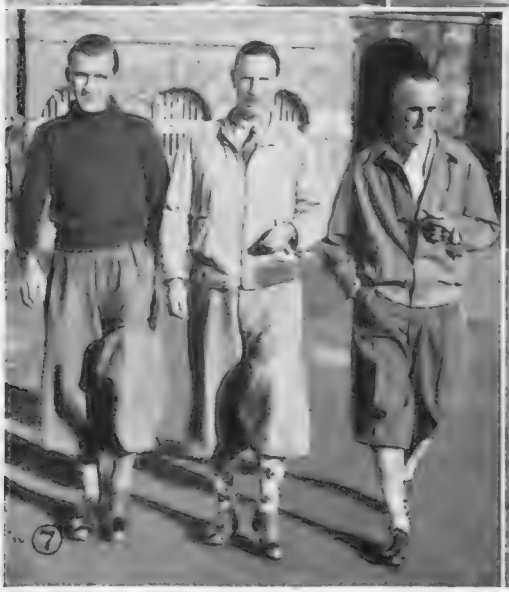

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J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Golf Ball and "Spotlight" Golf

THE Sixth Annual Golf Ball will be held at Grosvenor House on Thursday, December 10th, and will again be in aid of the Extension Appeal Fund of St. Mary's Hospital. Funds for the scheme of extension are urgently required. The most pressing developments required are (1) the establishment of a Paid Block for patients of moderate means; (2) the completion of the Nurses' Home; and (3) the provision of additional beds in the hospital.

G. D. Hannay, who in late years has given a great deal of time and taken endless trouble to assure the success of this ball, is again chairman of the Committee, which consists chiefly of leading men and lady golfers. The price of the tickets, which include buffet refreshments, is £1 1s. each. They can be obtained from the chairman, members of the Committee, Grosvenor House, or the joint Hon. Secretaries, Mrs. G. Elphick, 118, Harley Street, W.1, and Miss Diana Fishwick, Ebro, Wentworth, Surrey, or the House Governor, St. Mary's Hospital, W.2.

Besides the dancing, there are always attractive golfing side-shows such as driving, approaching, and putting competitions, and a distribution of valuable gifts, mostly of a golfing nature, takes place during the evening. Everyone who is present will not only assist a very deserving cause, but will no doubt have a thoroughly enjoyable evening. It is certainly amusing to watch both men and women in full evening dress hitting as hard as they can in the driving competitions.

THERE will be an additional side-show this year, as those present will be able to play a game of "Spotlight" Golf. There cannot be many golfers who know what "Spotlight" Golf is, and certainly fewer who have ever attempted to play it, and this Ball should be a good opportunity for the latter to start a game which they are sure to find interesting.

The whole apparatus of "Spotlight" Golf consists of a cabinet containing a map of the course in play and for registering the progress of the balls, a floor motor detector-box which detects the distance and direction of each shot played (the result being shown on the plan of the course by a white or red light), two mats (one for stance and one from which the ball is played), a net and frame, a direction mark, and the golf ball attachment. The outside measurements of the "Spotlight" Golf cabinet are 6 ft. high, 22 in. wide, and 14½ in. deep, while the motor detector-box is quite small, measuring 12 in. long, 12 in. wide, and 5 in. high. The electrical

(Concluded on page xiv)

Addington Beat Oxford, 12 Matches to 5

A. W. Gibbs and W. Prestige Jones, photographed having a word with Captain Heppel, Addington's secretary, beat R. N. Bond (New College) and J. R. Sayers (St. John's) by four and two

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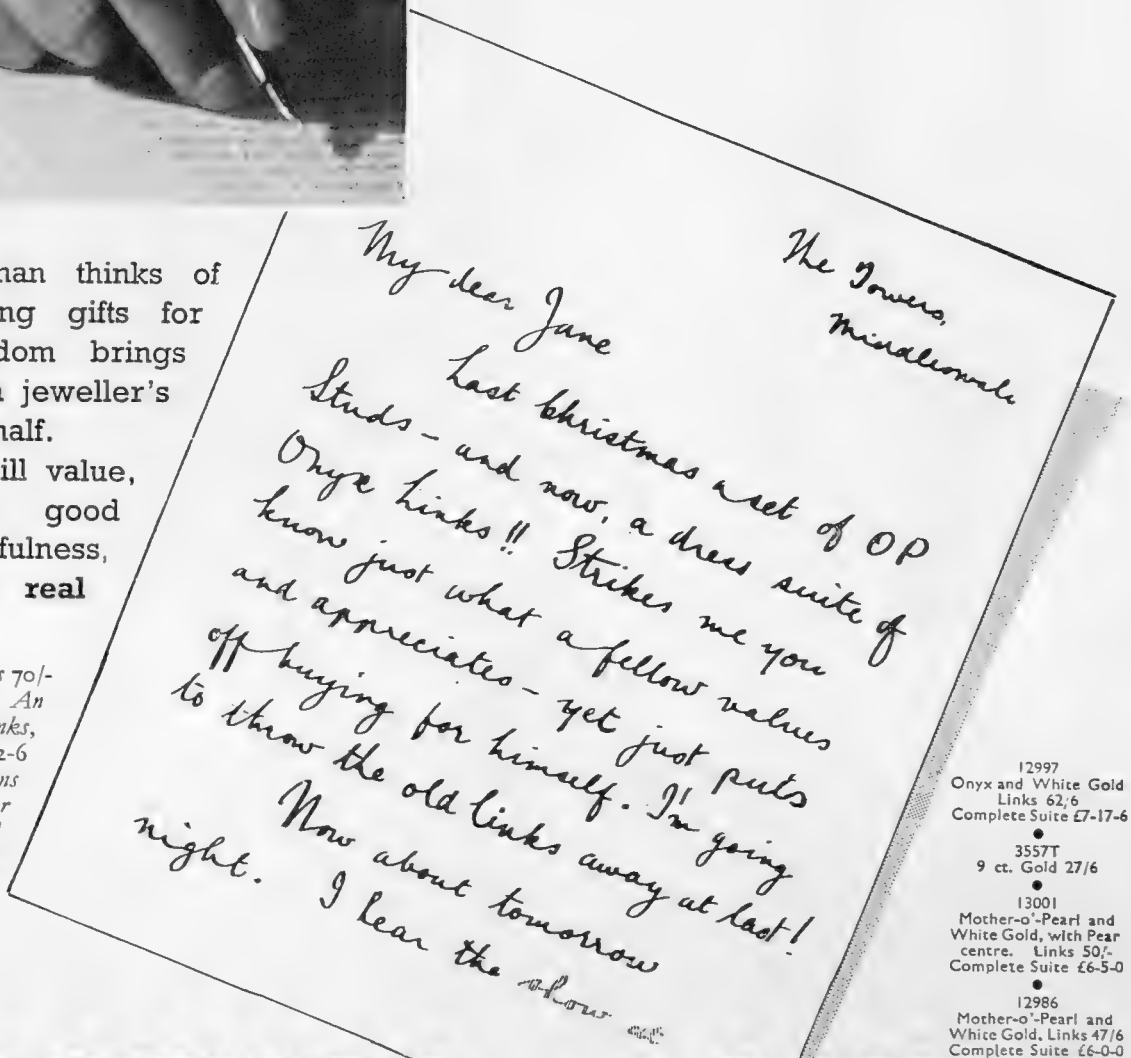

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J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

(*Continued from page* xii)

current for the apparatus works off A.C. mains, or, if one prefers, off a 6-volt battery.

When the player takes up his stance the motor detector-box is on his right, and the net and frame on his left, while directly in front of him is the cabinet, with a plan of the hole to be played in full view. From the detector-box there extends a steel rod carrying a cable with a captive golf ball on a short cord.

He now presses the button on the cabinet and two lights—one red and one white—appear on the tee. The apparatus is ready for play. Provided the hole in play cannot be reached in one shot, he takes his driver and if he hits a good one, the "Spotlight" disappears, then re-appears again on the fairway about 250 yards from the tee on the spot where it has been calculated the ball would have finished if he had been playing on the actual course. He now takes some sort of iron club and plays another good shot on to the green. Round the hole are two circles, and from the position of the ball in these circles it can easily be estimated how far from the hole the ball is. The ball is then placed the correct distance from the hole on the putting mat and holed out in the ordinary way.

The next player, "Mr. P.", is not such an expert at the game as the gentleman who has just played the hole without experiencing any bunker trouble. Let us suppose "Mr. P." is playing the third hole at St. Andrews. He tees up and hits a long pull, and we then find the "Spotlight" in one of the nostrils of the Principal's Nose.

Two New Blues

Sam Dalley (Ontario and Emmanuel) and Gordon Dixon (Eton and Magdalene) have been given their golf half-Blues by the Cambridge captain. Dalley plays from scratch and is said to have beaten Gene Sarazen several times

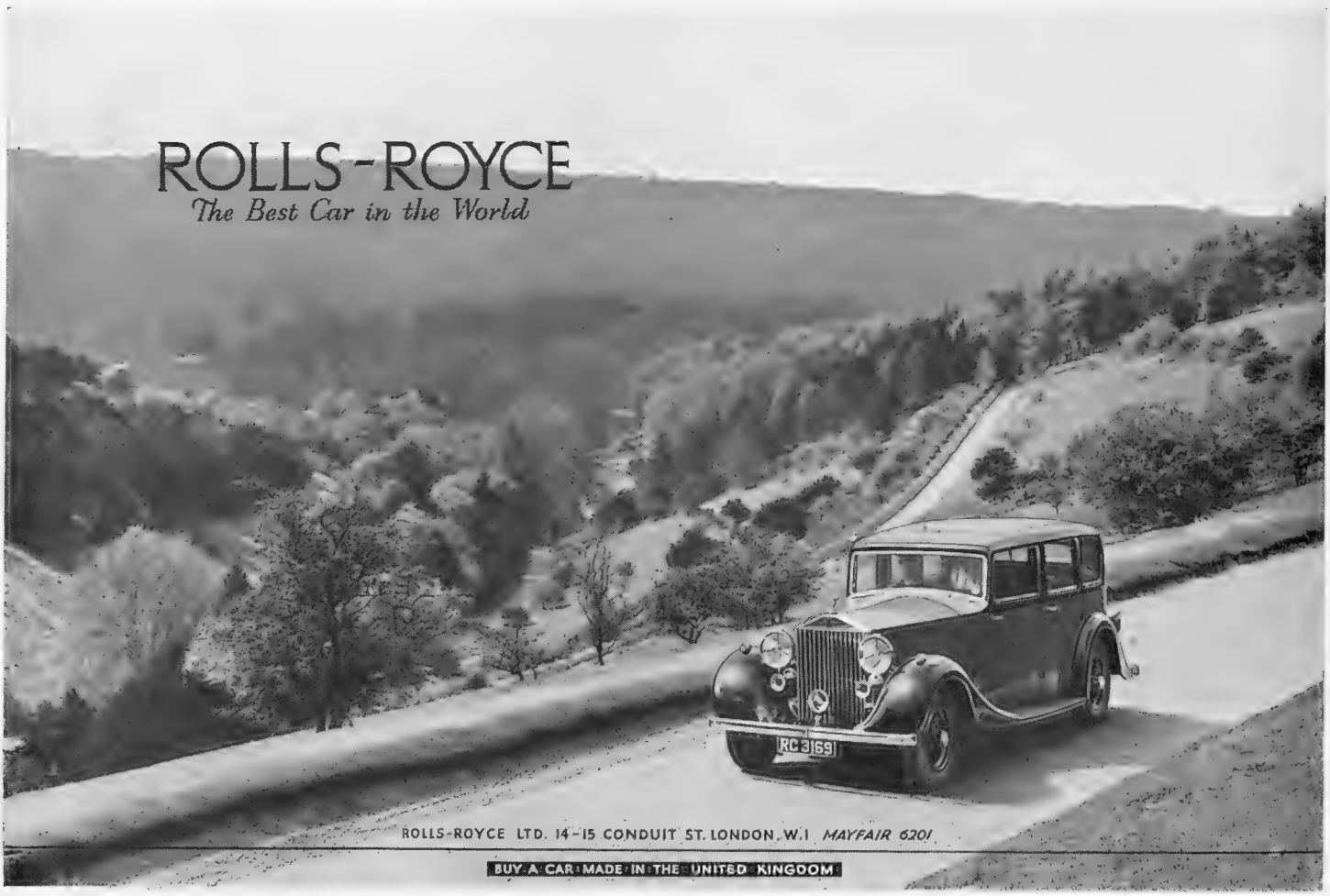
All the bunkers on the plan of the course have a number at their side; this number indicates the depth in feet of the various bunkers; consequently, if one is lying well back in a shallow bunker it is possible to hit a long shot with a straight-faced iron. If, however, the ball is in a deep bunker and close to the face, a well-lofted niblick is required to get the ball up quickly. There are many wonderful things about this invention, but I think the most wonderful is that if the shot from the bunker does not aviate the ball sufficiently quickly, the light remains in the hazard.

"Mr. P." will naturally now try to reach the green with a long shot from the Principal's Nose and, of course, taking too straight-faced a club, finds that the light remains in the bunker. He next takes his niblick and gets out, and having played an extremely lucky fourth and taken three putts, registers a 7.

It is possible—and, in fact, the chief idea of the inventor's undoubtedly was—to enable golfers to play matches on this apparatus, and that is the reason why there are two lights, one red and one green.

You will probably play very well when you play "Spotlight" Golf, because as there is nothing to look at you are nearly certain to keep your head still.

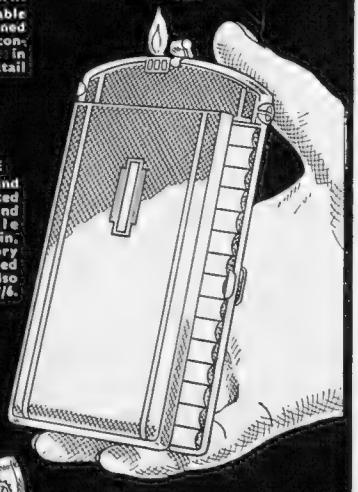
The reason why practising into a net is not satisfactory is because as there is no temptation to look up, you naturally keep your head down, and this is also the reason why so many people hit the ball extremely straight when playing in a fog.



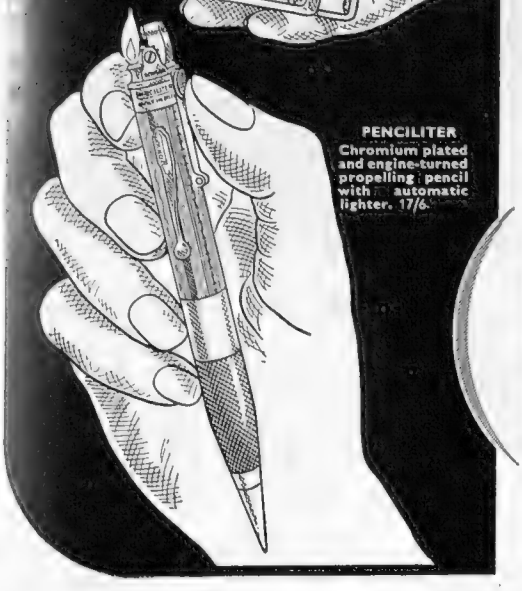
Give a **Ronson** *for happy smoking*

JUNIOR SPORTS
Man's long pocket size. Chromium-plated engine-turned. 21/-. Also satin finish 15/- Enamel 25/-.

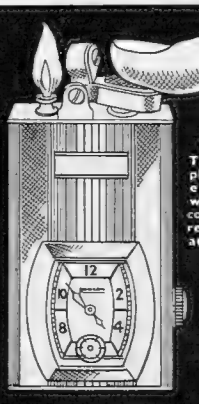
TOUCH-TIP BAR
A Touch-Tip Table Lighter combined with cigarette container made in form of cocktail bar. 90/-.



MAGNACASE
Enamelled and Chromium-plated cigarette case and lighter, single sided wafer-thin, holds 15. Blk/Ivory and two-toned Tort. 57/6. Also Twentycase 57/6. Tenacase 42/-.

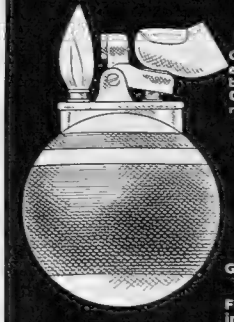


PENCILITER
Chromium plated and engine-turned propelling pencil with automatic lighter. 17/6.

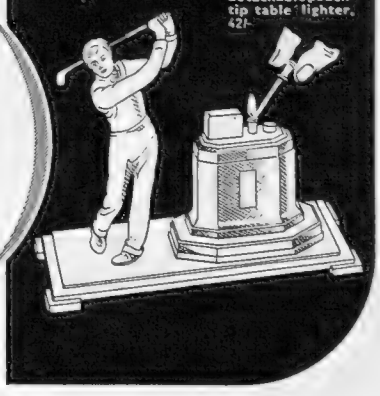


WATCHLITER
The new Rhodium plated and enamelled pocket watch and lighter combination. A really beautiful & attractive gift. 75/-.

TOUCH-TIP
Enamel table lighter with engraving shield in Black, White, Tortoise, Maroon, Cream and Turquoise. 25/-.



RONDELIGHT
Chromium-plated and enamelled ball table lighter. One filling lasts months. 25/-.



GOLFER AND TOUCH-TIP
Figure of Golfer in Oxidised silver finish. With black detachable touch-tip table lighter. 42/-.

FLIP AND IT'S LIT

RELEASE AND IT'S OUT

Everyone welcomes a Ronson lighter—efficient and never failing. It's the lighter with the quickest, simplest action in the world. It is made carefully to last years; designed as beautifully as a jewel. Over 10,000,000 people are using Ronson lighters. So give your friends Ronsons this Christmas—they'll like them and you. For home, office and personal use, from 12s. 6d.

USE RONSONOL — THE PERFECT LIGHTER FUEL

RONSON

Brit. Patent No. 291,695

WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

Ronson Products Ltd., 112, Strand, W.C.2.

See them at your Tobacconist's, Jeweller's, or at any Store selling Fine Smokers Articles.

Flying News

By Charles Ward

Part of the Hamble fleet, ready for early flying. Over 100 pilots from Imperial Airways are taking the special A.S.T. Course on sea-planes, in preparation for the change-over to marine aircraft next year

Catching Them Young

WHILST it may be true that flying can be taught to any able-bodied, active-minded person, even up to the age of seventy—we have several pilots of that age—the best time to learn is when young. In the Service and for the air lines, youth 's the stuff that 's needed, for the reactions are more rapid and the imagination can be trained to anticipate difficulties and dangers that are certain to occur in the course of a flying life. As the average speed rises, the pace of the take-off and landing also increases. The Schneider Trophy pilots had to land seaplanes at 100 miles an hour, and many test pilots assert that this is quite a safe speed, given a strong chassis or hull and plenty of space in which to put it down.

Two Classes of Trainers

AIRCRAFT for training are gradually dividing themselves into two classes. The division is not yet well marked, but those for the R.A.F. are becoming faster, more like the types which are built for defence, whilst the civilian trainer is still the same Moth or its equivalent, with a demand appearing for something even slower, more foolproof and cheaper to operate. Especially now that winter 's here, a 'plane like the "Swallow," made by British Aircraft at Hanworth, has the advantage of slow-flying qualities that are a great comfort in thick weather. The "Drone," in its class, is another that can indulge in the old-fashioned sport of hedge-hopping on a misty day without much danger. For the Service there are two new types under construction, both by Miles and being built by Phillips and Powis at Reading. The military version of the "Hawk" Major has a top speed of 150, and can be landed with flaps down at under 50 miles an hour. The second type, the "Nighthawk," cruises at 150 with a Gipsy Six, and has been designed particularly for instrument flying and navigation training. Being a cabin job, the hood is replaced by curtains, a more dignified arrangement than the old "head in an oily bag." Both are monoplanes with a fixed chassis.

The Carnet for Flying Abroad

TROUBLES with the language, the Customs officer, and the inevitable forms to be completed are reduced to a minimum with a Stanavo Carnet, as this concern maintains an organisation in practically every country. Throughout Europe, for instance, petrol and oil is of standard quality, no matter what country

(Concluded on page xviii)

Forhans Goes Deeper

Half-way measures are powerless against the real enemies of lovely teeth—soft, spongy gums! Forhans brand dentifrice does both jobs—cleans and polishes teeth while aiding gums to stay healthy, firm, youthful! It gives your teeth two-way protection.

Why take chances with your teeth? Begin to-day to use Forhans original dentifrice. Notice how much fresher it makes your entire mouth feel. Soon you'll SEE the difference, too—whiter teeth, firmer gums. Forhans was created by one of the world's leading dental surgeons. There is no substitute. Ask for Forhans to-day.

On sale throughout the world.

Forhans BRAND — DOES BOTH JOBS — CLEANS TEETH — SAVES GUMS — NEW 1/3 SIZE Now on Sale

Original DENTIFRICE FOR MASSAGING GUMS AND CLEANING TEETH

Larola is the famous complexion milk known the world over for over eighty years. Absolutely pure and free from gummy ingredients—which clog the pores of the skin—Larola keeps the skin soft and beautiful. Keep Larola always on hand in bedroom and bathroom and use it after your hands have been in water. This will *prevent chapped hands and rough skin.* The *daily use of Larola* protects the complexion against red and rough skin due to exposure to cold, wintry winds, Larola softens, smooths, whitens and heals—*and restores natural beauty.* The absolute purity of Larola makes it an ideal preparation for baby's toilet.

1/6 & 2/6 per bottle

"The Art of Massage."—
How to remove wrinkles and furrows. How to remove crowsfeet from the sides of the eyes. Just a few minutes' daily massage with Larola. Send for booklet—"The Cult of Beauty." Post free on request.

BEETHAM'S *Larola*

From Chemists and Stores or Post Free in U.K. direct from M. Beetham & Son, Cheltenham

(SELLS)

FROM SINGAPORE TO THE STALLS

in ten and a half days

Nowadays a man coming home on leave can travel from Singapore to Croydon in 10½ days, and even if he arrives with only a few old clothes he can with the help of Austin Reed's be sitting in the stalls in utterly correct evening clothes on the evening of the eleventh.

It is a very great convenience, this Ready for Service Tailoring. Many men have bought their first dinner jacket from Austin Reed's simply because they wanted to save time, and have continued to buy all their evening clothes there after finding that they get first class cut, first class materials and first class workmanship, for less money than they have to pay anywhere else in London.

AUSTIN REED

OF REGENT STREET

London and Principal Cities

A Royal Dutch "Douglas," of the type used in the States for trans-Continental sleeper service. K.L.M. has ordered twelve for their line to the Far East. Top speed exceeds 210 and a fair cruising mileage is 190 an hour

Flying News

(*Continued from page* xvi)

is visited, and at all important aerodromes there is a representative of the company on the spot, ready to take charge of the 'plane, its pilot and papers. Tax refunds on petrol are items that may amount to quite a large sum on a long tour. An important part of the Stanavo service is the supply of fuel and oil on credit, the arrangement being made in England before the tour commences. There are still far too many regulations to study before venturing to foreign parts, mostly framed by countries in fear of war, of course, and directed against the aviator because the one above sees all the preparations that are going on for another scrap. In time, when thousands of civil 'planes fly from one country to another every day, the present system of corridors of entry will be reduced to an absurdity; that is, unless commercial and private aircraft are banned altogether. Smuggling by air has not attained large proportions, but pilots who have been flying to Spain during the present row say how very easy it is to get over a frontier and land wherever you like, always assuming that "Archie" and hostile aircraft are absent.

Dropping in by 'Chute

The Russian habit of dropping troops by parachute opens up possibilities, though it is not yet practised as a method of dropping in on a friend for the week-end. If he has a large field and you have a trusty "Irvin," there 's no reason why it shouldn't work. Your suit-case, suitably stiffened to stand the shock, could be heaved over on another parachute. I see they are going to have pursers on air-liners next year, this apropos ship's papers and not dropping bags by parachute, though it may well be one of his duties to drop mails that way at intermediate stations. His actual title is to be Flight Clerk. The Empire flying-boats are being fitted with an office for his use. It is expected that Imperial Airways will be handling 2,000,000 letters a week, quite apart from freight and passengers, the total of which has grown enormously these last few years. It was stated last week that more passengers pass through Croydon Airport than through the Port of London or any British seaport except those on the Channel routes. The complications that are introduced when handling travellers, baggage, parcels and mails for a dozen or more countries on one route alone, all to be distributed in a few days, cannot be appreciated without seeing the multitude of forms that an air-liner carries already. The Flight Clerk will certainly have a busy day.

Enjoy WILLS'S GOLD FLAKE

ENJOY WILLS'S GOLD FLAKE THE OUTSTANDING CIGARETTE
ENJOY WILLS'S GOLD FLAKE THE OUTSTANDING CIGARETTE
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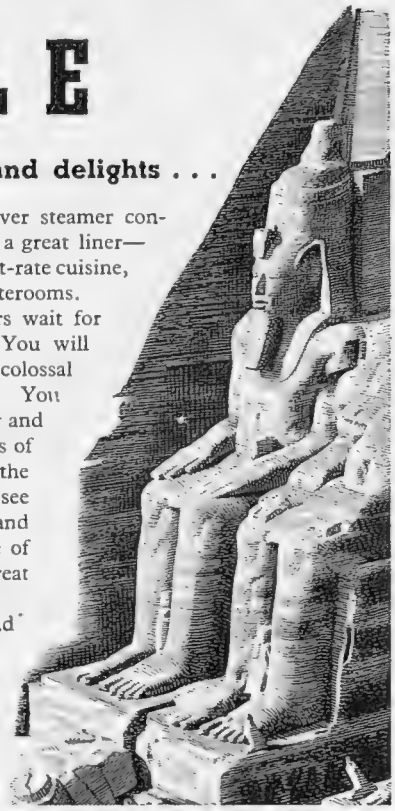
The Outstanding cigarette

SEEING EGYPT FROM THE

NILE

A voyage of a thousand delights . . .



You embark at Cairo. Your river steamer contains all the modern comfort of a great liner—bathrooms, roomy lounges, a first-rate cuisine, barber's shop and luxurious staterooms. Camels, donkeys, or motor-cars wait for you at each stopping-place. You will see Memphis, with the two colossal statues of Rameses the Great. You will visit the Temples of Luxor and Karnak, the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings—history written in the living rock of Egypt. You will see the Tombs of Rameses IX and Tutankhamen, the burial-place of Queen Nefertari, and the great Colossi of Memnon.

Between December 9th and March 10th (the weather then is perfect) there are thirteen sailings of Cooks Nile Steamers. Fares are from £65—which includes besides your food and accommodation on board, the dragoman's service, and all excursions. Please write for Cooks folder —"The Nile Voyage."

COOKS

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For rich **SOUPS**

Always use one or two Oxo Cubes. Oxo provides the meat-basis of soups in the handiest and most economical form—saves time and trouble.

Oxo soups assure the enjoyment of the meal, aid digestion and promote nutrition from other dishes.

OXO

USED IN MILLIONS OF HOMES

There they are!

Lucky people! in **GERMANY** *for Winter Sports*

Some of the finest ski-ing grounds in Europe lie in the German mountains

Skating, ice-hockey, bob-sleighing, may all be indulged in under ideal conditions in Germany's numerous winter sports resorts. These vary from the flourishing mountain townships where one may stay in first-class hotels in the utmost luxury to the small hamlets in whose inns the visitor will find every homely comfort.

60% reduction in rail fares

SPECIAL EXCHANGE FACILITIES

For information, advice, and free descriptive literature, apply to any travel agent, or to the

GERMAN RAILWAYS INFORMATION BUREAU, 19, Regent Street, S.W.1

Six Variations on a Theme *(Continued from page iv)*

THE Little Boy found his comic a very convenient tent. He hid within it like a small animal in a hole. It would be six months before he was travelling back to his father—and then he would probably be wrapped in another useful comic, trying to forget that he wouldn't see his mother for six months. As soon as he was getting really comfortable with one, he was packed off to the other. Now, when he met his mother again, she would be so overjoyed to have him back that he would turn shy and constrained with her. Then she would be hurt and suspicious. He couldn't mention his father and mother to each other. Something rose in his throat at the attempt. His mother lived in the town, and was youngish and jolly, and they had a cat called Epaminondas. His father remained in the country, and was brusque and silent, and kept a dog called Sticks. In the long nights of the country, when there was no sound in the isolated house, he wanted his mother and Epaminondas. When he was back in town with his mother, he felt sick for the trout stream, and the warm hills, and the mad junketings with Sticks. He went to school, while he lived with his mother—but his father taught him personally, taught him the things a boy really wants to know, the interesting things. When he returned to the town school, his former friends had become strangers to him—and he was not a child that easily made new ones. Of the time when his parents had lived together, he remembered little now, save that there had been a faint darkness stretched over it, as if it were always going to rain. Also, his mother had often arrived in the night, to sleep with him. He would waken to her uncontrollable weeping. For years afterwards, he used to jump awake and lie a moment, quivering in every limb. His loyalties were all mixed up. He needed and loved his mother, he worshipped his father—but to neither could he show these feelings. Now he had been snatched away from his father's care to spend the rest of his mother's summer holiday with her, at Torquay. How he loathed Torquay! More than usual, during this absence from her, he had missed his mother, but as he neared his journey's end, he was cross and miserable, and desperately on the defensive. "What does your father say to you about me? How is he looking? Does he get many — visitors? *What's the new housekeeper like?*" And when he returned to his father, much the same questions would be put to him concerning his mother, only then they were rough and shamefaced questions, torn out of the man, so that the child grew hot and dumb inside. For some reason unknown to him, he couldn't answer. . . . Now he put away his comic. He didn't like the Old Woman, nor the Small Outsize. The Countryman smelled of perspiration, and the tiny wife was invisible beyond him. The Young Man sat all the time in a queer, upright sleep. So the Little Boy fixed his stubborn gaze on The Girl, because she couldn't very easily turn and stare back. There was something very nice about her — comforting, somehow. Her clothes weren't like the ample brown locknit or the stuffy black that sat near his sensitive nose. She wasn't fat or fidgety. He was too young to realise why he felt at ease only with her, of all those in the carriage. It was because she looked so happy.

THE Small Outsize liked looking at her, too, since one must look somewhere. Her apathetic eyes slid over The Girl, aimlessly noting this and that, long ago beyond envy. It occurred to her that those swept-back curls might have suited herself, ten years ago. The thought visited her as if about some other person, long dead. She 'd been nearly as slender, and with a better calf—skirts had been shorter then, and hair worn in a long bob round the face. She used to curl hers up quite artful, with the tongs. It had been pretty. Her slack hand went to the ends tucked under her hat—funny she should start thinking of all that, she saw plenty of smart girls every day, and never bothered. This girl—there was something different about her—she didn't know what. "We all seem to be staring, too. Wonder she isn't stared out." But the Girl watched the wheeling fields, supremely unconscious. Where the train halted passing faces glanced curiously at her face by the carriage window. Like the Young Man, she did not see them.

The Old Woman bent sharply from her corner.

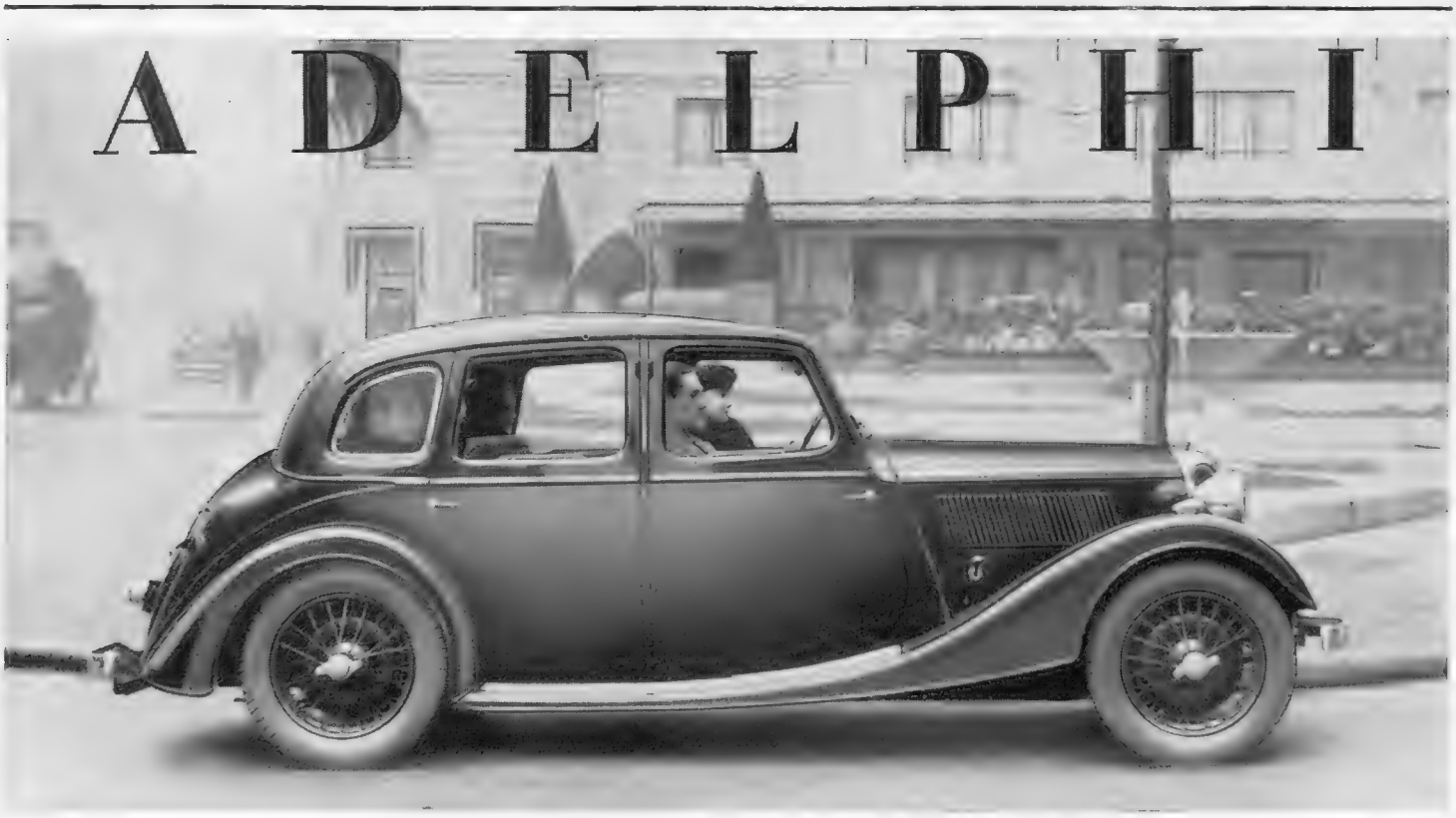
"Your wife 's tooken queer, my lad—what 's wrong with her?"

The tiny wife had been so quiet, sitting there, nobody had noticed. His broad shoulder had not felt her head fall against it, like a resting fly. Everybody began helping. The Young Man reached in a mazed way for the already open window. The Small Outsize began to babble about a drop of water, as if it might possibly spring from the floor, if requested. The Girl rummaged in her bag, for eau-de-Cologne.

"Leave her be," said the Countryman. "Her 'll come out of it." His great red hand shielded the unconscious head against him. He included them all, quite simply, in his confidence. "No good to fuss, thank you kindly. Her gets this way, d' you see. When her feels it coming on, her tells me so, and we takes her down to the Mental Home for a bit, till her comes better." Their startled horror found no reflection in him. "Nought much wrong, only it 's on account of our first-born—her 's never bin right since. Her bain't strong, d' you see. Terrible little. I 'd keep her to home, only her gets mischievous with the childer."

The Little Boy was intrigued, imagining rows of babies no bigger than mice. The

(Concluded on page xxii)



NO car is more admirably proportioned; few cars—and these only at a much higher price—possess such an outstanding all-round performance. Moreover, its part exchange value in a few years' time will be pleasurably high, and while that is perhaps an unusual way of advertising a car it is after all the best yardstick today's buyer can use. 1½ Litre £350. 6-cyl. 15 h.p. £380. Dunlop Tyres and Triplex Glass all round. Riley (Coventry) Limited, Coventry.

A Masterpiece by Riley

KLOSTERS PARSENN
IS CHEAP

The devaluation of the franc has really brought a holiday in Klosters within the reach of every purse.

Ski school, ice rink, evening dancing, tours on the Parsenn, bierstubes, sleep in pine-scented air, exercise in bronzing sun all contribute to return you to your home a changed and happy man.

Klosters	Klosters	Klosters
Alt. 4000 ft.	Switzerland	Swiss Fed. Rlys.

BATTERSBY

HATS FOR MEN

Our new booklet 'STYLE BY BATTERSBY' will give you interesting information on hats for country and town wear. Mention The Bystander when you write and we will send you the name of your nearest Battersby agent

The style illustrated is No. 610, price 20/-

Battersby Hats are made in three qualities and sold for **16/-, 20/-** and **30/-**

BATTERSBY

NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.2

CVS—204

SWITZERLAND

£ now worth 40% more

yet
- no increase in railway fares
- no increase in hotel prices, etc.
- quality unimpaired
- no formalities with money

Best Value in Winter Sports

BERNESE OBERLAND—Snow-Sure—Superb Ski-ing with sports railways and funiculars—14 centres to choose from—Adelboden, Beatenberg, Griesalp, Grimmialp, Grindelwald, Gstaad, Jungfraujoch, Kandersted, Kl. Scheidegg, Lauterbrunnen, Lenk, Mürren, Saanenmöser, Wengen.

VALAIS ALPS—9 centres between 3,500 and 6,000 ft.—Zermatt, Montana, Crans, Leukerbad, Champéry, Verbier, Finhaut, Saas-Fee and Munster.

VAUDOIS ALPS AND JURA—French Switzerland—Villars, 4,000 ft.—Diablerets, 3,800 ft.—Caux, 3,700 ft.—Ste. Croix-Les Rasses, 3,600 ft.

ZURICH—The Swiss Metropolis—direct Air Line LONDON-ZURICH in 3½ hours.

GRISONS/ENGADINE—Switzerland's premier and largest Winter Sports playground. World-famed AROSA, 6,000 ft.—DAVOS, 5,170 ft.—KLOSTERS, 4,000 ft.—LENZERHEIDE, 4,860 ft.—PONTRESINA, 5,920 ft. and ST. MORITZ, 6,090 ft., and more than 70 smaller places cater for every pocket. Swiss Ski Schools. International Contests in every Winter Sport. Cheap Season Tickets on the mountain railways and funiculars.

AROSA—The sunniest Winter Sports centre in Switzerland, 6,000 ft., and what snow!

INFORMATION, Advice and free descriptive Literature from any Travel Bureau or from the Swiss Railways and State Travel Bureau, 11-B, Regent Street, London, S.W.1. 'phone: Whitehall 9851.

Modern Aids to Beauty — Choosing a Perfume

Perfume Through the Ages

THE history of perfume is many thousands of years old, and the Egyptians were among the earliest civilised races to make lavish use of aromatic gums and scented unguents. As the years pass, history records the vast sums spent on perfume by the nobility, so much so that in 1770 a Bill was introduced into Parliament against the excessive use of such. Times have changed, however, and though perfume to-day is used as much as ever, it has developed into something much finer and less crude. In fact, choosing a new perfume is by no means easy, as there are so many things to be considered. Questions of colouring and personality for example, are very important; also environment, as there is nothing worse than a discordant perfume. A debutante should never use a heavy, cloying scent which is obviously intended for someone more mature; neither if she is fair and rather cold by nature, should she adopt the light, sparkling fragrance suited to the vivacious and warm-hearted brunette. She requires instead a subtle and sophisticated perfume which accentuates her cool charm.

A Delightful Trio

THE name of Guerlain is well-known in the world of perfume, and three of his favourite creations are seen on the right. The inspiration for "Vol de Nuit" came during a lonely flight over South America. It is essentially an evening perfume with an elusive haunting fragrance which lingers without ever growing stale. The poetic name of "L'Heure Bleue," one of Guerlain's oldest creations, suggests warmth and sunshine, a land where nothing matters and the rush and bustle of modern times are forgotten. To return to more practical things, however, certain perfumes are extraordinarily invigorating and will dispel a tendency to headaches. This applies to "Sous le Vent," the last of the trio pictured. It is cool and refreshing as the sea breezes, and may be worn in the open air.

Dower Street Studios

Six Variations on a Theme *(Continued from page* xx*)*

train stopped. Reluctantly he made his way through the confusion, for this was his changing-place. He stood, a lonely figure, waiting with dignity for the guard. The Countryman jerked about—it was his station too. He picked up his wife again, holding her tenderly against his chest, and blundered out, in a sweat. They saw him sitting on a bench with her, surrounded by helpful women, as the train moved out. They subsided again, rather shaken.

The Small Outsize made ready for departure, tugging at her suitcase, flipping again at the locknit revers. She was spending her holiday at her old home. "Wonder what it is about her?" she marvelled, gazing wistfully at the Girl. Maggie wouldn't half giggle, when she saw her sister was stouter than last year. "Why ever don't you see about it, Eth?" she would ask. Why didn't she? Suddenly, her eyes still on the Girl, she thought she would. She 'd taken all their chaff until now—it galled for the moment, but when she got home to Arthur, it never seemed worth the fag to keep up her looks as she had before marriage. They didn't notice the same, once they 'd got you, and Arthur was out so much, anyway—and she did get so tired in London. But—perhaps she *would* have a go at herself again! Trotting along the familiar platform, she felt quite excited, wondering if Maggie still took in that paper called *Woman and Loveliness*. By the approach bloomed a bed of some flower, radiant blue, delicate on thin stems. "Pretty!" she said, and the same wistfulness came upon her as she had felt when staring at the Girl, whom she would never see again, for the train had gone on.

The dark waves were broken now, making pictures in the Young Man's brain. He saw the bedroom under the roof, looking over the sands. The texts; the engraving called "The Orphan's Dream." The old-fashioned bed. The painted china castle on the dresser that Beth had delighted in. The candle at night, tiny in the enormous, draughty gloom. And the little parlour beneath, with the stuffed fox, and all the bound volumes of *Sunday at Home* since the dark ages, and the overmantel stuck with varnished shells. There he and Beth had spent their honeymoon. Against his will, his lids were drawn open, irresistibly, savagely to see that Girl again, the Girl opposite, so bravely poised, with blowing hair. She had something that he had lost. Because it was gone from him, life was over. It was something intangible, that had been in Beth's eyes. No doubt it would live in them again—for the other man. Well, he was making it easy for Beth. Now he saw, with still sombre eyes, the country that wound towards him, its familiar contours, the nameless light along its horizon that told of the hidden sea. He stood up, did the things with his pockets and his hat that he always did at the end of journeys. The train stopped. He got out, closed the door carefully, walked away, looking at his ticket.

ONLY the Girl and the Old Woman remained. The Old Woman gave her high hat a jab with both palms, twitched her nose in preparation. "Wonder how much farther *her's* going?" she speculated. "I can do with a drop o' tea." In unexplainable generosity: "If her was waiting about to Punnick, changing trains, I 'd let her have a cup." She thought pleasantly of the boiling kettle, the nice bit of cheese. It was better, after all, to be widow, than no wife. Folk looked up more to a widow-body. No one 'd come now, asking polite after Zachary, well knowing she never heard from him. They 'd all be in to-night, hearing what she had to tell about her sad adventure. She 'd hang Zack's picture up, so soon as she got to home. The train stopped. "Punnick" said the station. The Girl helped her out with the holdall, and she arranged it carefully, so as not to addle Zack's watch. "Good even to 'ee, my dear," she said graciously—and in that farewell she was saying kindly good-bye to her own youth and Zachary's. She went off with a flourish towards widowhood.

Now the Girl went on alone, the land grew secret and dark, humping on either side of the line as twilight deepened. With still and radiant face she watched the telegraph rushing on high, like staves of giant music. She began to make ready herself, trembling a little with excitement. She put her hat on at the dim glass over the seat, gazing into it with eyes of enchantment.

She had the farthest to go of any of her fellow-travellers, but now she was nearly there. She was going home to be married.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY
THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON
DECEMBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

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A. Gown Brochure "Dance Frocks of Youth" will be forwarded on request.

Marshall & Snelgrove. Birmingham
(WARWICK HOUSE LTD.)

Getting Married:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Pearl Freeman

Eleanor Henderson

Is the only daughter of Mr. John Henderson, of Glenfeulan, Shandon, Scotland; she has announced her engagement to Michael Houssemayne Du Boulay, only son of Sir James and Lady Houssemayne Du Boulay, of Oxenbourne House, East Meon, Hants.

Bassano

Pamela Strange

Is the only daughter of Major and Mrs. F. G. Strange, of Aldermaston, Berks., and is engaged to C. J. Leslie Hull, M.C., of 24, Walton Street, S.W.3, youngest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. E. C. P. Hull, of Richmond

Pearl Freeman

Jean Ferguson

Announces her engagement to John Vinson, third son of Mr. Ronald Vinson, of Nettlestead Place, Kent; she is the youngest daughter of the late Sir John Ferguson and Lady Ferguson, of The Close, Tunbridge Wells

Bassano

Marie Pereira

Is the youngest daughter of Major-General Sir Cecil and Lady Pereira, of 28, Hornton Court, W.8; she is engaged to Hugh Radcliffe, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Everard Radcliffe, of St. Trinian's Hall, Richmond, Yorks.

Kay Vaughan

Dorothy Whiting

Is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Harmer Whiting, of 37, Hyde Park Gate, S.W.7, and is engaged to Eric Grayson Lovell, son of the late Richard Lovell and Mrs. Lovell, of 23, Richmond Bridge Mansions, Twickenham

Kay Vaughan

Phyllis Kathleen Pearson

Is engaged to William Shee, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Shee, of Maidstone, Kent; she is the only daughter of the late R. J. Addison Pearson and Mrs. Pearson, of Ivor Court, Regent's Park, N.W.1

Bassano

Pamela Baxter

Is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Baxter, of Ashlar Mount, Rainhill, Lancs., and is engaged to William Rhys Lloyd, second son of Colonel and Mrs. J. C. Lloyd, of Dinas House, Brecon, N. Wales

Kay Vaughan

Cicely Joan Hodges

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hodges, of 1, Lancaster Gate, W.2, and Cape Town; she is engaged to Christopher Jordan Arrow, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Arrow, of Brentwood, Essex

Bassano

Mary Hasslacher

Is engaged to the Hon. Hubert John French, of Brewerstreet, Bletchingley, Surrey, seventh son of the late (fourth) Lord de Freyne and the late Marie Lady de Freyne; she is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hasslacher, of 3, Kensington Park Gardens, W.11

Catherine Bell

Nora Margaret Finch

Is the younger daughter of the late Rev. H. C. Finch and Mrs. Finch, of Crossways, Abbots Langley, and is engaged to Gordon Heggs, of 88, Harley Street, elder son of the late Dr. Heggs and Mrs. Heggs, of Freshwater, I.O.W.

Lenare

Hilda Maud Rahr

Announces her engagement to Clifford Charles Cameron, son of the late Watson Cameron and Mrs. Cameron, of Penstock Hall, Brabourne, Kent; she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rahr, Royal Kent Hotel, Sandgate

Lenare

Alison Forbes

Marian Alison Gordon Forbes, the Portsmouth Club, 12, Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, youngest daughter of the late Brig.-Gen. Sir Arthur and Lady Forbes, is engaged to Robert Arnold Paul Butler, elder son of the late Major Butler and Mrs. Butler, of Ramsden House, Charlbury, Oxon.

Catherine Bell

Robinson — Brett Plummer

Stephen Robinson, younger surviving son of Mr. and the late Mrs. Arthur Robinson, of Seal, Sevenoaks, and Sheringham, Norfolk, married Patricia Brett Plummer at St. Margaret's, Westminster. She is the only child of Mrs. d'Oyley Rochfort, of 64, Abingdon Villas, W.8, formerly of Vancouver, B.C.

Balmain, Edinburgh

Findlay — Lindsay

At Edinburgh, Charles Findlay, son of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Findlay, of 10, Eton Terrace, Edinburgh, married Ailsa Margaret Lindsay, daughter of the late G. H. Lindsay and Mrs. Lindsay, of 22, Rothesay Terrace, Edinburgh

Poole, Dublin

Roche — Gore-Grimes

Terence Roche, son of Mr. and Mrs. V. H. Roche, of Foxrock, County Dublin, and Josephine Gore-Grimes, daughter of Mr. C. Gore-Grimes, of Lissadell, Ballsbridge, Dublin, were married at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Donnybrook, Dublin

Lenare

Hilda Moberly

Is engaged to Henry Lade Murray, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Murray, of Rock's Hill, Limpsfield, Surrey; she is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Moberly, of The Priory, Felixstowe

Catherine Bell

Guendolen Mabel Griffith

Is the youngest daughter of the late Lt.-Col. E. H. Griffith, of 16, Craven Hill, W.2; she is engaged to Lieut.-Cmdr. Richard Courtenay Boyle, R.N., only son of the late Colonel Lionel Boyle and Mrs. Boyle, of 126, Sloane Street, S.W.1

Pearl Freeman

Aileen Pring

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Grattan Pring, of 5, East Terrace, Budleigh Salterton; she is engaged to Mr. A. J. Cooper, only son of the late Alfred Cooper and Mrs. Cooper, of Heath Close, Budleigh Salterton, Devon

Catherine Bell

Nina Nixon

Announces her engagement to Alexander Glen, younger son of the late R. Bartlett Glen and Mrs. Glen, of Oak Gates, Hove; she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brinsley Nixon, of 8, Newton Court, Church Street, W.8

Vandyk

Mr. R. G. Collins and Miss Franks

Left: Richard Gowen Collins, second son of the late Major R. G. Collins and Mrs. Collins, of 46, St. Petersburgh Place, W.2, and Helen Franks, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Denys Franks, of Lea Farm, Bramley, Surrey, have announced their engagement

Right: Phyllis Rodway, daughter of the late Philip Rodway, who was managing director for twenty-five years of the Royal and Prince of Wales' Theatres, Birmingham, is engaged to William Bushill-Matthews, of 13, Hillaries Road, Gravelly Hill, Birmingham

Hudson Studios, Birmingham

Mr. Bushill-Matthews and Miss Rodway

Boots for GIFTS OF DISTINCTION

STATIONERY RACK
In brown or blue leather with gilt tooling.
37/6

Hanging PERFUME SPRAY
on Chromium-Plated Stand.
25/-

Lady's Fitted TOILET CASE
Zipp fastenings, fitted with coloured Hair Brush and Comb, Cloth Brush, Nail File, Scissors, Soap and Tooth Brush Holders, etc.
55/-

These are typical of the HUNDREDS of ideas you'll find at Boots

182, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.
ROYAL EXCHANGE, MANCHESTER.
PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

BOOTS PURE DRUG CO. LTD. B313-188

Petit Point Bags

the treasured gift!

PETIT POINT HAND BAGS. A choice selection of these beautifully hand worked bags in both flower and picture designs. Ideal for lasting gifts—they never become "dated" and can be used for afternoon or evening wear. Prices range from

1 gn. to **15 gns.**

X.A.15. Attractive BEADED POCHETTE with small chain handle. Lined Silk and fitted mirror. Gold and Silver Beads on White, Sky, Pink, Champagne, Nil or Black Crêpe. Size 6×5½ ins. **10/9**

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Two minutes from Victoria Station. 'Phone: VICtoria 8600.

"Of course it makes life brighter Sir"

says Charles

"Attack of the blues? Gracious me, I I know the very thing. Let me get you a Martini, it's the ideal drink particularly after a harassing day. Martini taken at any time is a tonic, restorer of vitality and good to the stomach. It braces you up, makes you feel fit and right with the world. Doctors will tell you that better than I can. Right, sir, three more Martini's."

SWEET 4/6 per litre.
Look for the name on the label.

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DRY 5/6 per litre.
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Please send me a Free Copy of Cocktail recipe book
Please send me a Martini Cocktail Shaker, for which I enclose bottle capsule and 1/6, to cover postage and packing.
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[B2]

DRESS WEAR

Faultless style and irreproachable detail are of vital importance in evening wear. Deft tailoring of less obvious incidentals lends distinctive elegance to the whole suit whilst Kenneth Durward craftsmanship gives quiet distinction to every garment.

DINNER SUITS from **12** to **14 gns.**

DRESS SUITS from **14** to **16 gns.**

Kenneth Durward *Ltd*

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English Perfumes

HONEYSUCKLE SANDALWOOD
ENGLISH VIOLETS ROMAN HYACINTH

Floris, Perfumer
89 Jermyn Street, London, S.W.

Boots for GIFTS OF DISTINCTION

Mayfair HANDBAG in Morocco. Trimmed with Calf. Silk-lined, with divided inner.

31/6

Jacobean OAK CLOCK with full Westminster Chimes.

42/-

WRITING ATTACHE CASE in Pig grain, lined with straight grain. Divisions for notepaper, envelopes, stamps, etc.

21/-

These are typical of the HUNDREDS of ideas you'll find at

Boots

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ROYAL EXCHANGE, MANCHESTER.
PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

BOOTS PURE DRUG CO. LTD. B.314-188.

"BYSTANDER" GUIDE TO CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

Wallace Heaton

The Children's Corner

The spirit of Christmas is everywhere, and the shops are gay with sparkling lights and decorations. Crackers are exceptionally amusing and varied this year. There are plum puddings and turkeys filled with gifts attached to strings; these are pulled simultaneously causing a loud explosion followed by an avalanche of novelties. The Queen Mary laden with crackers steams full speed ahead with cotton wool blowing from her funnels, while Mickey Mouse plays the part of Court Jester. From Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, come the toys pictured above. An aeroplane on wheels or a steam roller painted in bright colours costing 12s. 6d. would appeal greatly to a small boy, while the rocking horse is a delight to every child. Covered in real skin, it costs 59s. 6d. and can be converted into a "pull along" toy by removing the rockers. Then for a little girl, there is the high chair painted in blue with a Mickey Mouse food tray, and an unbreakable baby doll dressed in pale-pink muslin, or a barrel organ complete with monkey. The golliwog is also popular

rose taylor ltd announce opening december third

rt

60 GROSVENOR STREET LONDON W1. MAYFAIR 7853

• "BYSTANDER" GUIDE TO CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

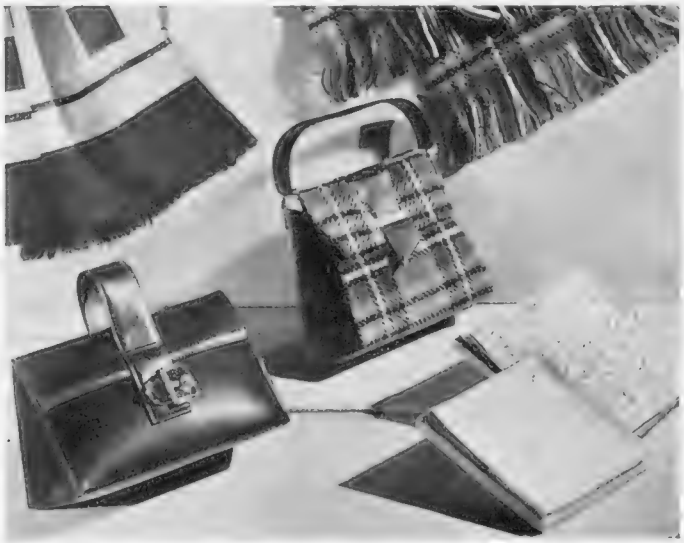
Gifts of a Practical Nature

Stockings are always sure of a welcome, particularly Bondor's, which are made of the finest and purest silk, fully fashioned and guaranteed to be free from any rings or shadows. They are available in all the latest shades to wear with warm colours

What could be nicer on a cold and frosty morning than this Indian Lamb coat for forty-nine guineas from the City Fur Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard? It is belted and flared with square, padded shoulders

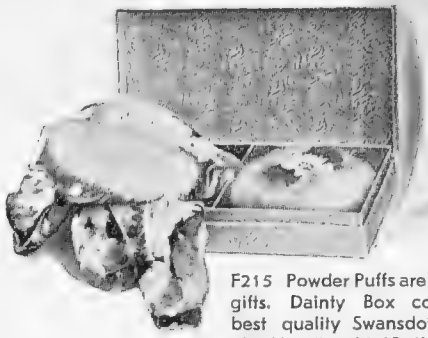
Warm gloves and one of the new sheath umbrellas in silk and imitation lizard skin are what Gorringe's, Buckingham Palace Road, suggest for Christmas. Those pictured in the group on the left are smart as well as practical

Gifts for the traveller are pictured on the left from Swaine and Adeney, 185, Piccadilly. The folding clock is accompanied by a barometer, while the fitted dressing-case is light and compact



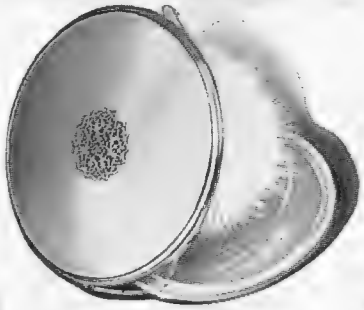
Send your country friends this smart wool plaid bag and scarf for wearing with tweeds. The set only costs a guinea at Walpole's, of New Bond Street, where the mosaic printed linen handkerchiefs are also to be seen

Gifts that are Novel and Desirable in Vanities



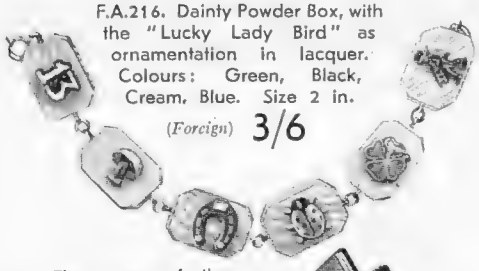
F215 Powder Puffs are pleasing gifts. Dainty Box containing best quality Swansdown Puff, also Handkerchief Puff in lovely shades of Coral, Yellow, Green, Pink, Apricot. Size of box, $8\frac{3}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ in. 6/6

F.223. Charming Powder Puff with fancy Pearl handle in lovely shades of Turquoise, Cerise, Green, Blue, Pink, Apricot. 3/6



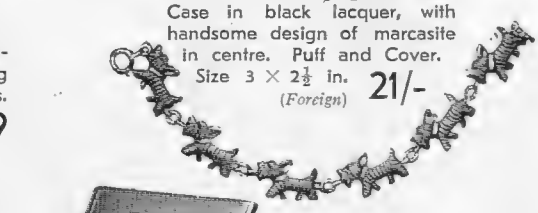
F.A.219. Delightful Powder Box in Lacquer, with engine-turned back, ornament of marcasite in centre, with Cover and Puff. Colours: Black, Ivory, Lapis Blue, Green. (*Foreign*) 10/9

F.A.224. Charming gift Powder Case in black lacquer, with handsome design of marcasite in centre. Puff and Cover. Size $3 \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ in. (*Foreign*) 21/-



F.A.216. Dainty Powder Box, with the "Lucky Lady Bird" as ornamentation in lacquer. Colours: Green, Black, Cream, Blue. Size 2 in. (*Foreign*) 3/6

F.A 220. The vogue for Lucky Bracelets is expressed in this charming one with novel Paste charms. Length 7in. (*Foreign*) 10/9

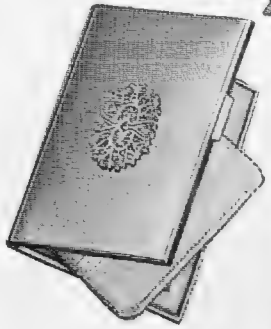


F.A.225. The Lucky Macs Bracelet, our young friends will love. Dogs carved in shades of White, Red, Brown. $1/6\frac{1}{2}$

F.A.217. The craze of the moment. Lucky Bracelet in wood, with a variety of charms. (*Foreign*) $2/11\frac{1}{2}$

F.A.221. A tribute to Elegance. Powder Box in chromium, engine-turned with side-piece of Jade, Lapis, Ivory, Onyx effect. Centre ornament to tone, mounted marcasite, with Puff and Cover. Size $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. (*Foreign*) 16/9

F.222. The Week-end Beauty Box, in metal, containing two Bottles and two Cream Jars. Colours: Cream, Green Pink, Blue. Size $5\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ in. 5/



F.A.226. A Woollands Powder Box, with a Cigarette Box to match is the perfect gift. Above is one example of many beautiful designs in chromium with marcasite ornament in centre, with Puff and Cover. Size 3×2 in. (*Foreign*) 19/6

F.218. Delightful gift. Laughing Water Bath Powder. Box containing 7 different kinds of this entrancing bath luxury, which really makes the water bubble, each box contains enough powder for 3 baths. Size $4\frac{3}{4}'' \times 8\frac{3}{4}''$ 10/6

F.B.228. Delightful for the Evening Bag. Comb in petitpont case, floral design, beige or black background. Size $5 \times 1\frac{1}{4}$ in. 15/9

F.228. Laughing Water Bath Powder and Satinette Dusting Powder is an ideal gift. It is delightfully perfumed, and can be had in different shades and perfumes. Size $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8$ in. 9/6

Send to-day for 60-page Gift Book post free on request

95, KNIGHTSBRIDGE **Woollands LTD.** **LONDON, S.W.1**

"BYSTANDER" GUIDE TO CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

Which Will You Have?

Since men are quite as particular as women about their accessories, Simpson's, Piccadilly, have contributed the group above which includes silk foulard ties at 8s. 6d., and some capeskin-lined gloves for 18s. 6d.

"Drink and be merry" with Dewar's "White Label" Whisky. It is specially packed for distribution in decorative cartons ready for despatch, containing two, three and six bottles, and is sold by all wine and spirit dealers

Left: for motorists there is nothing more acceptable than a Motoluxe rug and foot muff. They are delightfully warm though light as a feather, and will keep out every draught

Gin is one of the essential ingredients in many delicious cocktails besides being an excellent drink in itself. The name of Booth's Dry Gin is known all the world over for its subtle smoothness, mellow warmth and pale golden colour

Keen smokers will appreciate the world-wide reputation which W. D. & H. O. Wills have won for themselves. Their "Gold Flake" and "Capstan" special cigarettes are packed in handsome oak cabinets (available in three sizes) as well as the ordinary tins and boxes

Photographs by Wallace Heaton

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE OXFORD STREET W·1·

Telephone: Mayfair 6600

The Fabric of Queens

YOU associate velvet with regal splendour: with the pageantry of all history: and this Autumn you will associate it with the season's most beautiful clothes. We stress velvet for beauty of texture and depth of colour . . . in afternoon and formal evening fashions.

A MAN-TAILORED jacket. Made in our own workroom in crease-resisting velvet. Perfect fitting, lined throughout. In black only, colours to order.

5 gns

O.S., **7/6** extra.

A DELIGHTFUL coat in crease-resisting velvet, cut on tailored lines, lined throughout. In black only.

7½ gns

Other colours to order at the same price.

BLOUSE SALON FIRST FLOOR

"BYSTANDER" GUIDE TO CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

Suggestions for the Mere Man

A warm pullover, socks or a pair of interlined gloves are things which every man needs. Those above come from Austin Reed, together with the tie press for 1s. 9d., and the umbrella which costs a pound

Now that smoking has become so universal, a box of cigarettes will readily solve the gift problem. De Reszke "Minors" are pictured above in flat tins of sixty. They cost 2s., while a box of fifty De Reszke Cork, with a filter tip is 2s. 6d.

Above: history and romance surround Drambuie, Bonnie Prince Charlie's liqueur, which was originally brought over from France during the '45 Rebellion. It has a rich, warm taste which is very pleasing to the delicate palate

Left: Seager's ready mixed cocktails are a real boon to busy people. Their Egg Flip is a body-building pick-me-up, possessing great revitalising properties, whereas Orange Blossom has a delicious fresh flavour

Photographs by Wallace Heaton

Corso Imperatrice

SAN REMO

SUNNY and WARM—ITALIAN RIVIERA

MUNICIPAL CASINO

Roulette — Baccarat — Trente et Quarante

The highest stakes in the world

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TOURIST CHEQUES AT SPECIAL LOW RATES
HOTEL AND PETROL COUPONS
50—70% REDUCTION IN RAILWAY FARES

Casino

For information apply to: E.N.I.T., 38, Piccadilly, LONDON, W.1.
S.A.I.T., SAN REMO,
and all Travel Agencies.

● "BYSTANDER" GUIDE TO CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

For the Festive Season

To send a case of Sanderson's Vat 69 liqueur Scotch whisky is not only an expression of goodwill but a subtle compliment to the recipient's good taste. This time-honoured drink is packed in one-, two-, three- and six-bottle cases

A bottle of Seager's Dry Gin is a recognised gift, and it is interesting to note that this excellent vintage is distilled with various herbs, berries and roots containing medicinal qualities. The correct balancing of these is in accordance with ancient recipes

One always associates Champagne with Christmas festivities and gay parties, so much so that it has come to be regarded as essential to a successful evening. Charles Heidsieck Extra Dry is an ideal choice, and will add greatly to the wit and geniality of the guests

Above :: the House of Schweppes have contributed to this page a series of delicious drinks for the coming festivities. They include Green Ginger Wine, Ginger Ale and Sparkling Lime Juice

Right : simple and easy to send are Player's cigarettes ; they are specially packed in decorative cartons, printed with an appropriate greeting, and a space for the name and address of the recipient

FOR A MAN ON THE MOVE!

A Harrods Dressing-Case, complete and compact, will be a more than acceptable gift to the man who travels far and moves fast—space to him is as precious as time.

(On left) *Hazel Pigskin Dressing-Case, lined Suède, fitted with two natural Ebony hairbrushes, cloth brush, Wilkinson Seven Day razor, shaving accessories, etc.* 12½×9×2 *ins.* £6 6 0

(Below). *Hazel Pigskin Dressing-Case, lined Suède, fitted with two Ivory hairbrushes, cloth brush, Aristocrat Gillette razor, hair lotion bottle, mirror, manicure instruments, etc.* 12½×9×2*ins.* £9 10 0

Dressing-Case Department on Ground Floor.

HARRODS

Harrods Ltd Knightsbridge SW1

FISH ON FRIDAY

Asceticism is defeated by such an altogether excellent fish set. Even salt cod . . . . .

But if this strikes a sombre note know that LIBERTY'S do not confine themselves to those who fast. For those who feast, in the 'lower-ground-floor' galleries are the best dinner and luncheon and tea and coffee and early-morning tea sets in all London.

Beautiful and inexpensive.

Come and see for yourself!

(This fish set, 15 pieces 52/6.)

LIBERTY & CO. LTD., REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1 *Telephone: Regent 1234*

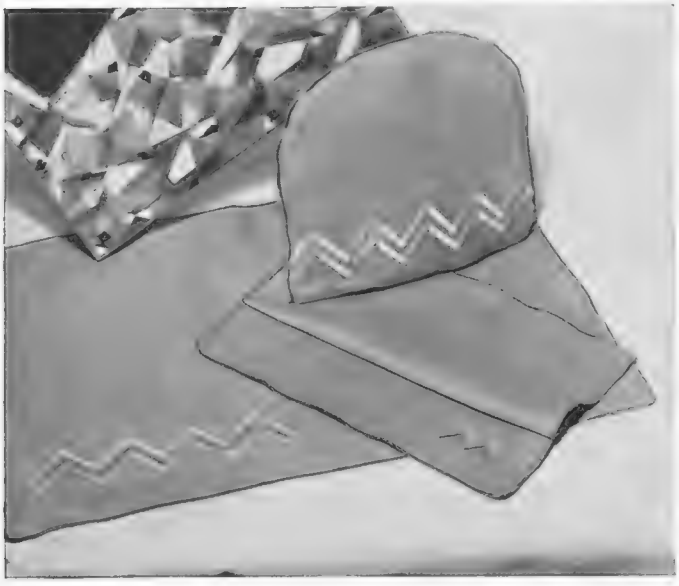
● "BYSTANDER" GUIDE TO CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

Home Comforts

No bath is complete without a handful of Bronnley's bath salts to say nothing of soap and dusting powder, so be sure to include these items in your Christmas shopping list. They are always welcome

Soft drinks are becoming increasingly fashionable, and those made by Apollinaris are delightfully refreshing. "Presta" Lemon and Barley which is bottled both as a squash and in sparkling form is quite delicious

A canister of "The Doctor's China Tea" will be appreciated, as it is a kind which everyone can enjoy. Invalids and people suffering from digestive troubles can drink it with absolute safety, as it is free from any harsh or harmful qualities



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Photographs by Wallace Heaton

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

December 2 — December 8

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AFTER OCTOBER.—Lively jest at expense of impecunious family, headed by Mary Clare: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—Ralph Richardson is the amazing doctor mixed up with some amusing crooks: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle in St. John Ervine's amusing long-runner: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

AS YOU LIKE IT.—Last three days: Edith Evans as Rosalind, Michael Redgrave as Orlando, William Devlin as the Duke: Old Vic, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CHARLES THE KING.—Fine historical piece of a royalist flavour; Barry Jones as the King, Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies as the Queen, George Merritt as Cromwell; décor by Motley: Lyric, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HELL FOR LEATHER.—Same author and producer as *Dr. Clitterhouse*; about motor-racing, with Bernard Nedell and Olive Blakeney: Phœnix, 8.30. Sat., 2.30.

THE HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's hyper-romantic school play, with Frederick Leister in the name-part, Rosalind Boulter, Elizabeth Nolan, Hilda Trevelyan: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

JANE EYRE.—The Brontë novel in Helen Jerome's adaptation makes a fine play; Curigwen Lewis as Jane is beyond praise, Reginald Tate is an impressive Rochester: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—The Chinese fairy tale is running again: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MADEMOISELLE.—Powerful French play with good characterisation; Madge Titheradge, Greer Garson, Isabel Jeans, Cecil Parker: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MARIGOLD.—Revival of the charming Scottish comedy with Katherine Page, Jean Clyde, and Walter Roy: Royalty, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.—Robert Speaight still acts Becket in the T. S. Eliot play, but the settings are new: Duchess, 8.40 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MUTED STRINGS.—Colourful and romantic tale of Beethoven (Keneth Kent), his women and his music: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PANIC.—Financial crisis dealt with in verse, with Franklin Dyall. Also THE DUMB WIFE, with Margaretta Scott and Elliott Seabrooke: Mercury, 8.30.

PARNELL.—History and biography strongly mixed to make drama by Margaret Rawlings and Wyndham Goldie: New, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WASTE.—Granville Barker's; with Nicholas Hannen, Catherine Lacey, Gillian Scaife: Westminster, 8.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this play is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

ALL WAVE.—Naunton Wayne and Stanley Holloway hold this "radio" revue together: Duke of York's, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

CARELESS RAPTURE.—Ivor Novello heads his own vast, romantic show, with Walter Crisham and Zena Dare and huge chorus: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DESERT SONG.—Revival of this fine romantic musical with Edith Day, Clarice Hardwicke and Harry Welchman in their original parts: Coliseum, 8.15 Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

O-KAY FOR SOUND.—Riotous revue with plenty of knockabout humour by Naughton and Gold, Flanagan and Allen, Nervo and Knox: Palladium, 6.20 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

OVER SHE GOES.—Slapstick to music, with Stanley Lupino, Laddie Cliff and Adèle Dixon to make it go: Saville, 8.15. Sat., 2.30.

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SWING ALONG.—Louise Browne, Leslie Henson, Fred Emney and Zelma O'Neal in a musical as funny as *Seeing Stars*; Henson especially in great form: Gaiety 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THIS 'LL MAKE YOU WHISTLE.—Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph and a gaily-coloured chorus lead a no-plot musical with success: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30

"The Housemaster"

H. G. Stoker, as Sir Berkeley Nightingale, gives a Roman sign to Frederick Leister in the name part of Ian Hay's romantic school play; Rosalind Boulter, Elizabeth Nolan, Hilda Trevelyan are heroines. At the Apollo

TO AND FRO.—Esmé Percy, Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Ritchard in this revue: Comedy, 8.30.

THE TWO BOUQUETS.—Pokes gay but gentle satire at Victoriana; Joyce Barbour and George Benson best of a good cast: Ambassador's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

AREN'T MEN BEASTS!—Irresponsible humour reliant on situations between Robertson Hare, Alfred Drayton and John Mills: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Clever acting by Owen Nares and Fay Compton in a St. John's Wood family-life comedy: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Lively comedy in a house of a French crammer; Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, and Jessica Tandy: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Big-size thriller, generous in cast and effects; Gordon Harker and Jack Hawkins lead; well entrenched at the Prince's: 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LAUGHTER IN COURT.—Ridiculous plot does not put any strain on the witty dialogue which is unrolled to perfection by Yvonne Arnaud, Ronald Squire and Edmund Breon: Shaftesbury, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Emlyn Williams' gruesome thriller Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—Cheerful satire on Scottish officialdom; Sara Allgood and Robert Harris lead: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TILL THE COWS COME HOME.—Comedy with a social significance; Leslie Banks as a public man on holiday; also Adrianne Allen, Marjorie Fielding and Marcus Barron: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

YOUNG MADAME CONTI.—Very mellow melodrama, with Constance Cummings in the name part excellently supported: Savoy, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

First Nights

O, MISTRESS MINE.—Ben Travers is the author, Vivian Ellis and Cole Porter wrote the music, Yvonne Printemps, Pierre Fresnay are the stars: St. James's, Thurs., 3rd.

LAUGHTER OVER LONDON.—Robitschek's new "All-in-One" show: Victoria Palace, Mon., 7th.

CINEMAS

BULLETS OR BALLOTS (American).—A real thriller with Edward G. Robinson and Joan Blondell: Regal.

COME AND GET IT (American).—From Edna Ferber's book about passions in the lumber camp: London Pavilion.

DODSWORTH (American).—Walter Huston and Ruth Chatterton in their clever, amusing film are at the Marble Arch Pavilion.

FREDLÖS (Swedish).—Unique ice and snow exteriors on the Russia-Finnish frontier: story of barbarous Czarist governor: Academy

THE GREEN PASTURES (American).—Rex Ingram is "De Lawd" in the film of Marc Connelly's negro-heaven play: New Gallery.

LA KERMESSE HÉROÏQUE (French).—A film gem, consistent and convincing throughout; Françoise Rosay and Jean Murat: Studio One.

LIBELLED LADY (American).—William Powell, Jean Harlow, Myrna Loy, and Spencer Tracy in a quadrangular affair: Empire.

MAYERLING (French).—Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux in an effective version of the tragedy of Rudolph of Austria: Curzon.

NO ESCAPE (British).—From the play *No Exit*, with Valerie Hobson, Billie Milton, Henry Oscar: Piccadilly Theatre.

REMBRANDT (British).—Laughton as the painter, Elsa Lanchester and Gertrude Lawrence in Korda's colourful if slightly artificial picture of the period: Leicester Square

ROMEO AND JULIET (American).—Thalberg's big-scale interpretation of Shakespeare; Leslie Howard and Norma Shearer as the lovers: His Majesty's, 2.30 and 8.30.

SABOTAGE (British).—Sylvia Sidney, John Loder and Oscar Homolka in a Hitchcock-directed thriller: Tivoli.

A WOMAN REBELS (American).—Katharine Hepburn and Margaret Allan in a sister drama: Carlton

Premiere

LAND WITHOUT MUSIC (British).—Tauber and Diana Napier are the stars; in aid of the All Saints' Hospital: Plaza.

(Continued on page 8)

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What's On (*Continued from page R*)

OPERA

COVENT GARDEN:

THE WILD BOAR.—Roger Quilter's new light opera; first performance to-night, 2nd; subsequently, nightly till Tues., 8th.

SADLER'S WELLS:

DIE MEISTERSINGER.—To-night, 2nd, 6.45.
DIE FLEDERMAUS.—Thurs., 3rd, 8.
MADAM BUTTERFLY.—Fri., 4th, 8.
DIE MEISTERSINGER.—Sat., 5th, 6.45.

BALLET

DOUANES, APPARITIONS, CASSE-NOISETTE, ACT 3.—Sat., 5th, 2.30.

LES SYLPHIDES, NOCTURNE, THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.—Tues., 8th, 8.30.

MUSIC

Recitals

BRAILOWSKY.—Programme will include Schumann's *Carnaval* and twelve Chopin études: Queen's Hall, Fri., 4th, 8.30.

HARRIET COHEN.—Programme will include Arne, Mozart, Haydn, Brahms, Debussy: Wigmore Hall, Sat., 5th, 3.

MAGGIE TEYTE and BETTY HUMBY.—Grotrian Hall, Tues., 8th, 8.45.

Orchestral and Choral

B.B.C. SYMPHONY.—And the B.B.C. Choral Society; Adrian Boult conducts; Heddle Nash and Horace Stevens are the soloists; Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius*: Queen's Hall, to-night, 2nd, 8.15.

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC.—And the Royal Philharmonic choir in Berlioz' *Romeo and Juliet*; Harty conducts; Olga Haley, Parry Jones and Keith Falkner are the soloists: Queen's Hall, Thurs., 3rd, 8.15.

QUEEN'S HALL ORCHESTRA.—Wood conducts, Jelly D'Aranyi is the soloist; Handel, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Wagner: Sun., 6th, 3.30.

FLEET STREET CHOIR.—T. B. Lawrence conducts: Wigmore Hall, Mon., 7th, 8.15.

COURTAULD-SARGENT.—The L.P.O., conducted by Sargent, in Mozart's "Coronation Concerto," Liszt's A minor piano concerto (Egon Petri), Berlioz' Fantastic Symphony: Queen's Hall, Mon. and Tues., 7th and 8th, 8.15.

DANCING AND DINING

In the Ballrooms

ARCHDUKE JOHANN BALL.—In aid of Austrian and British charities: Austrian Legation, Thurs., 3rd.

RAINBOW BALL.—In aid of the Marie Curie Hospital: Grosvenor House, Tues., 8th.

FESTIVAL DINNER.—In aid of the Princess Louise Hospital; Duke of Kent will preside: Claridge's, Tues., 8th.

GOOD COMPANIONS PARTY.—Dorchester, Tues., 8th.

In the Restaurants

COQ D'OR.—The newest restaurant, in Provençal auberge style; excellent food (some amusing specialities); no music.

DORCHESTER.—*Midnight Laughter* is a short and attractive cabaret-revue; Jack Jackson's band: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The midnight floor-show is called *Folies d'Apache*; Sydney Lipton's band: extension, Thursday.

KEMPINSKI'S.—The German specialities are excellent and inexpensive; other dishes are served; no music.

LONDON CASINO.—The Folies de Femmes cabaret is mammoth, and plays during dinner and supper; Jack Harris makes music (two bands).

LUIGI'S.—Another of the places where food and drink are important; no band or cabaret.

MAY FAIR.—Ambrose is back here, and there is always good cabaret: extension, Friday.

NEW CLARGES.—Here you eat and talk—there 's no music or dancing; the food and wines are excellent.

PRUNIER'S.—Fish foods are the specialities, but you can eat what you please; the wine list is also excellent; no music.

QUAGLINO'S.—There is cabaret at midnight; Van Straten's band plays; you needn't dress for the Grill: extension, Wednesday.

QUINTO'S.—This is new and amusing, and the food and wine are faultless; lunch and dinner only, and Sundays, dinner.

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RITZ.—Café chantant cabaret again; Joe Kaye plays for dancing: extension, Wednesdays.

SAN MARCO.—The Carson sisters entertain; Ben Oakley and his Barnstormers play for dancing.

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